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THE FRONT PAGE

TWO or three despatches have appeared in one or other of the Toronto dailies within a week that were of a kind to make thoughtful persons wonder in what direction we are drifting. One of these was from Ottawa and while it was political and therefore of questionable worth, yet it was written in a most matter-of-fact way and has not been contradicted so far as I know. The despatch stated that next to Hon. Clifford Sifton the chief guiding hand in the plan of campaign for the general elections is Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. "In the hands of these two," said the despatch, "the destinies of Sir Wilfrid Laurier have been placed." By way of comment it is only necessary to say that Sir Charles Fitzpatrick is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. Of course it is libellous to suggest that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has any part, lot or interest in the campaign.

Another of these newspaper despatches was from Hamilton and purported to give an account of what happened at a meeting of the directors of the Dominion Power and Transmission Company when Col. J. M. Gibson resigned the presidency in order to accept the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario. The despatch stated that Col. Gibson requested that although he was relinquishing the presidency he should be allowed to continue to draw \$4,000 of the \$6,000 salary attaching to the office, and that his successor should be satisfied with \$2,000 a year. Col. Moodie, who was selected as successor, was quite satisfied with this arrangement, and the despatch went on to say that it was reported that he agreed to relinquish all the salary. Col. Gibson will, it is said, remain on the directorate of the company.

IF these statements are correct or nearly so, what becomes of all the nice talk dished up in the daily newspapers about Hon. J. M. Gibson's retirement from corporations preparatory to entering Government House? According to the above story, which is condensed from a World despatch, he has but gone through a mock divorce. His successor it seems is to have the name of being president while the Colonel remains on the directorate and draws the salary that attaches to the presidency, and no man can put through a deal like that unless his connection with the concern continues to be a very substantial one. "There will be so much resignation on my part," said Col. Gibson in an interview a fortnight ago, "that people will think there is very little left." If the situation is as this despatch describes it, Col. Gibson has not resigned very much. He appears merely to have moved his chair away from the window so that people in the street will not see him presiding in the board-room of the Power Company. This falls far short of being that complete severance of entanglements which was promised. "It goes without saying," he said a fortnight ago, "that I shall have to disentangle myself from companies that come into more or less hostile contact with the public." Is he doing so or only making motions that look like it?

When the new Lieutenant-Governor enters upon his duties the Premier will recognize in him an old political antagonist. The people will recognize in him a former and daring antagonist in strife over franchises and that sort of thing. It would be wise for Col. Gibson to cut away from the past altogether before entering Government House.

STILL another despatch tells us that Hon. R. W. Scott is dropping out as Secretary of State on the understanding that his son, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, is to be appointed a member of the Railway Commission. If this be true, it is a most remarkable bit of bargaining. Senator Scott was Mayor of Ottawa away back in 1852, sat in Parliament ten years before Confederation, held a portfolio in the Mackenzie Government, has been twelve years in the Laurier ministry and is now well along in the eighties. One would suppose that his retirement would result naturally and not by purchase.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott is Mayor of Ottawa, and may be a suitable man for a seat on the Railway Commission, but it is unfortunate that his father's retirement and his own appointment come at the same time and lend color to the rumor that seats on so important a board as the Railway Commission are used as political make-weights.

Considering these despatches in the group, where are our politics—or our newspapers—leading us? What impression is to be left on the public mind by all this kind of thing?

TORONTO is notoriously given to voting for Conservative candidates in Dominion and Provincial elections—too much so for her own good, since it is useless for the Liberals to nominate good men, and quite unnecessary for the Conservatives to do so, although both parties do, by chance, put good men in the field at times. The situation, however, does not call for able candidates from either party. The Conservatives feel that they cannot possibly nominate a man who will be rejected; while the choice of the Liberals is usually confined to the class of men who are willing to be defeated for the advertising it yields, or for the patronage of which it gives control.

But once a man enters an election contest even here, and on the hopeless side, he soon begins to be persuaded that he will win. In a recent election, I met a Liberal candidate the day after his nomination and he confided to me frankly that nobody supposed he could carry the Toronto constituency in which he had been put up, but it was deemed advisable to have a contest, and his friends convinced him that he should run. Nor could he well refuse after having on former occasions, pressed others

into the same service. But he admitted that he would be beaten out of sight.

Meeting him again a week later he appeared to be a different man—hurrying somewhere in glad haste. "Do you know," he said, "I had the idea that my opponent was a popular man, but he isn't. There is a great deal of dissatisfaction with him—underneath the surface—a great deal of it. It is the party vote, not any personal strength that elects him, and I tell you, there is going to be quite a breaking away of the party vote. Of course, I can't win, but his majority will be so reduced that he will get the scare of his life."

A day or two before the polling he almost tripped



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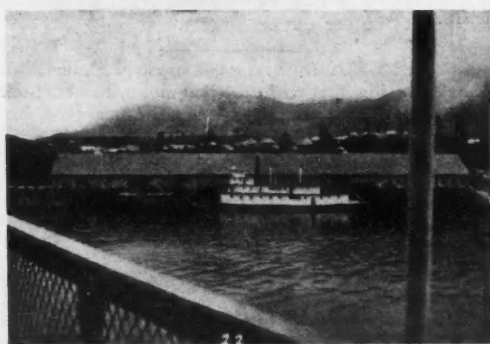
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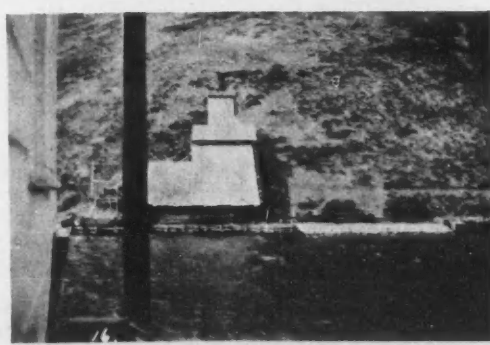
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FOSTER GLACIER, TAKI INLET.



A VIEW OF PRINCE RUPERT FROM THE STEAMER.



THE VENUS SILVER MINE AT WINDY ARM, NEAR CARIBOO.

over me at the corner of King and Yonge streets, and without a word but with an air of mystery, caught my arm and drew me into the secrecy of a doorway. "Say," he told me, "if I had known as much two weeks ago as I know now, I could have won this thing. The town's full of people who would like to see me win, or would like to see my opponent beaten, which amounts to the same thing. If I were to tell you all the prominent Conservatives who are going to vote for me but who, naturally enough, do not want to come out on the platform and say so, you would be astonished. But they're working for me, on the quiet. Mind you, I'm not rash—I've

been in the political game too long, to be foolish—but there's going to be an awful slump in my favor. I've a chance of winning. If I'd known a week sooner I could have won hands down."

He was beaten, of course, by a majority so large that it was heart-breaking and record-making. Next time we



G.T.P. HOTEL AT PRINCE RUPERT.



THE POST OFFICE AT PRINCE RUPERT.

personality is the most attractive and effective issue his party has to advance. There may as well, then, be an end to this talk in Quebec about the prejudices of Ontario.

If Ontario votes heavily against the Government it will not be so much a vote against the Premier as against the Administration as a whole, which, people say, has been deteriorating steadily as always happens to ministries left too long in office.

IN a candy store on Bloor street on Saturday evening last a man and his wife were making some purchases. The husband was standing back leaving the conduct of affairs in more capable hands than his own, until his wife taking out her purse, began to pay for the confectionery with a number of five and ten cent pieces. Then the husband stepped forward, touched his wife on the shoulder and in a voice distinctly heard by other customers, said, warningly: "Keep your small change for Sunday."

She did. Little comment on this scene is necessary. It may be suggested by way of excuse for this man and woman that they may have had a number of children at home who would have to be supplied with collection two or three times on the following day, but even then, is it not somewhat startling to find a church-going couple paying out quarters or half-dollars for candy on Saturday night and thriftily saving their nickels and dimes for church next day? Yet these people are not different from others. They only happened to speak and be overheard, for is it not true that all over Canada people are "keeping their small change for Sunday?"

The churches have not much chance to guide and control the world's morality so long as their members cheerfully pay out more money on Saturday to see a baseball or lacrosse match than they grudgingly deposit on the collection plates on Sunday. It cannot be inspiring to a clergyman to see families spending more money per week on cantaloupes than on Christianity. It must be discouraging to church officials to find many people giving to the Lord the plugged and perforated quarters and half-dollars that Eaton's and Simpson's stores will not accept.

OUR affairs are discussed in the English press with a vast show of wisdom. According to the Birmingham Post there is much anxiety among Canadians in London regarding the result of the coming elections, because the new transcontinental railway may be imperilled. If there is any Canadian in London who really thinks that the result of the elections could affect a big national undertaking already under way, it is time for their relatives on this side of the pond to go over and bring them home.

But that is not all. The Post sagely expresses its fear "that the Socialists, by splitting the vote, may cause the defeat of some Laurier candidates, though scattered unskilled laborers are difficult to organize." The Socialists are not a factor here at all. There are a few of them, but all the splitting they will do will be to split into the rival party camps on election-day.

It must be confessed that the impressive editorials in the English press are much more convincing to Canadians when the subjects under discussion have nothing to do with Canada, but treat of affairs in Thibet or Uganda or Morocco.

ABOUT the only possible reason why Sir Wilfrid Laurier retains Sir Frederick Borden in his cabinet seems to be that his name, while he continues in public life, detracts to some extent from the struggling fame of that other Borden who leads the Opposition. It makes it necessary for seven million people all across Canada to explain daily which Borden they mean. It has forced the Conservatives to adopt the unwieldy practice of referring to their chief as Leader Borden. If he had had undisputed use of his own name for several years past his personality would to-day stand out somewhat less blurred and indefinite than it does.

MANY people in Toronto were very much astonished a few days ago to read in the daily press a most uncalled for letter signed by the special auditors who have been looking into municipal finances, advising the Board of Control and the general public that they considered it highly undesirable that there should be an enquiry before Judge McDougall into the finances of the Canadian National Exhibition, on the ground that it would injure the Fair and poorly requite those who have long served it without remuneration.

What have auditors to do with a question of this kind? It is wholly outside their province to consider matters of sentiment and policy, and one doubts very much that they obtruded their views in this way unless on request from some quarter. Few considered an enquiry into the finances of the Fair necessary, but this letter has had the effect of increasing the number who think that a little rummaging among its records would not be unfruitful of result.

AT the Eucharist Congress in London the procession did not carry the Host as was intended, nor did King Edward formally receive the Papal Legate, as had been planned. Premier Asquith, in view of the doubtful legality of it and in fear of a public disturbance, wrote requesting that the Host be not borne through the streets in public procession, and as for the Royal reception to the Papal Legate it happened that the King had previously arranged to attend a race meet on the particular date when Cardinal Vannutelli could most conveniently present himself. Pious and good citizens of Ontario, who condemn the race track and all who frequent it, will thus perceive how it came to the aid of the Protestant religion in a grave crisis. The Imperial Protestant Federation worked up public opinion to a high pitch over the official recognition the Legate was to receive and the carrying

of the Host in public procession as had not been done in England in hundreds of years. A copy of the letter sent by the Federation to the King has been forwarded me by the secretary of the organization, and it may possess historical interest for the reader:

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty:
May it please Your Majesty.

The Imperial Protestant Federation, which represents a vast body of Protestant opinion, not only in the United Kingdom, but also in several of the leading Colonies of the British Empire, has seen with painful surprise the announcement which has appeared in many newspapers to the effect that your Majesty intends to formally receive the Papal Legate sent by the Pope to attend the Eucharistic Congress in London this month. This Federation is not prepared to receive too much of this kind, but as, in this instance, they have been so widely circulated, it would be thankful if your Majesty could assure the millions of your loyal Protestant subjects throughout the British Empire that there is no foundation for this rumor.

It may be permitted to the Imperial Protestant Federation to humbly represent to your Majesty that the presence of a Papal Legate in this country, on an official mission from the Pope, is contrary to the laws of this Realm. This was the case even in pre-Reformation times, except at the direct invitation of the King. In 1428 King Henry VI. ordered Richard Caudry, Clerk of the Council, to issue a declaration, published in Gee and Hardy's "Documents Illustrative of the History of the English Church," in which it was affirmed that so far as the memory of man ran the law was that no Legate of the Pope ought to come into the Kingdom of England, or any lands and dominions of the Kingdom of England, save at the bidding, asking, request, invitation, or entreaty of the King of England for the time being, and that to admit Cardinal Beaufort into England as Papal Legate was contrary to the laws, rights, customs, liberties and privileges of the Kingdom.

The Imperial Protestant Federation also humbly represents to your Majesty that when, soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, it was proposed by the Pope to send a Papal Legate to your Majesty on a special mission, the matter was referred to her Majesty's Council, which met at Greenwich on May 1, 1561, to specially consider this important matter. Their decision was printed in the second volume of "Dodd's Church History of England," edited by the Rev. M. A. Tierney, a Roman Catholic priest, from a MS. in the State Paper Office. This document declares that by the ancient laws of this Realm no Legate or Nuncio might come into this country without a license from the King, and that by the laws of Parliament, recently made, it was manifest that it is not only against the laws of this Realm that any Nuncio should come hither, but also that any person should, by word or deed, allow of his coming.

The Imperial Protestant Federation further humbly represents to your Majesty that, since Queen Elizabeth's time the law against the admission of a Papal Legate into England has not been abrogated, and that it stands at the present day as it then was.

Signed on behalf of the Imperial Protestant Federation,

JAMES W. WALSH,

Organizing Secretary.

The King was placed in an awkward position, from which, as usual, he emerged gracefully, having a previous engagement on the day the Roman Cardinal proposed to visit him. Premier Asquith was put in a position from which there was no escape when the Protestant Federation appealed to the Government to prevent a violation of law in the matter of carrying the Host. The very Catholic Emancipation Act which released those of that religion from their disabilities, provides that: "If any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic shall exercise any of the rites or ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, or wear the habits of his order, save within the usual places of worship for the Roman Catholic religion or in private houses, such an ecclesiastic or other person shall forfeit for every such offence the sum of £50." Asquith could not fail to intervene, more especially as riots were sure to occur, and the whole kingdom be thrown into a ferment at a time when statesmen have troubles enough.

AS frequently happens when a rumpus of this kind occurs one does not find in this case, that display of faultless sagacity which writers tell us, marks the diplomacy of the Roman Catholic Church. The ecclesiastics of that church were proposing to hold a public ceremonial in London, such as has been forbidden by law for centuries, and among the promoters of it there must have been doubt from the first whether it could be gone through with. Yet before the event, and while the courtesy of the nation was pleading with its Protestantism not to be uncivil to distinguished visitors, we find one of these prelates, Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, making a speech in Albert Hall that was absolutely certain to arouse all the anti-Catholicism of the United Kingdom.

"This Congress," he is reported as saying, "marks the re-entry of Catholicism into its old kingdom. The whole Catholic world is now looking toward Westminster, where three days hence the Eucharist, after being carried through the streets of the first capital in the world protected by the British flag, the symbol of civil and religious freedom—(applause)—will find a new triumph. As a result of this Congress, I will cherish the hope that the whole of England will return to the Catholic faith."

This was, of course, a pious hope for a Roman Catholic Archbishop to cherish, yet it was a most impolitic deliverance three days before the "triumph" was due. Such talk as this changed the whole aspect of that courtesy towards eminent visitors which those in authority were anxious that the nation should extend. England was asked to demonstrate her social hospitality by objecting to nothing on the programme; yet her acquiescence was being interpreted as having the deepest religious significance. It is not surprising, therefore, that events took the turn they did.

A READER in London, Ont., sends me clippings from The Advertiser and Free Press, showing how much political bias was used by these journals in reporting the Borden meeting at Halifax. The Liberal paper in large headlines announced: "Borden's Meeting an Awful Frost." The Conservative paper declared: "Enthusiasm Marked Monster Meeting." The Liberal paper said the attendance was estimated at three thousand. The Conservative paper said seven thousand were present.

This kind of thing is going on all over Canada just now. The rival reports of the same meeting in The Globe and The Mail and Empire in this city were quite as conflicting as those in the London papers.

The assumption appears to be that the people like to be deceived in this way. But if the people do like it the wonder grows why they do.

A Few Remarks on Speech and Manners.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: As it seems to be in your line to deal with matters of social behavior, could not you say something about one or two points which I think cannot have failed to have unpleasantly obtruded themselves upon your notice recently? The only hesitancy about asking your intervention is a doubt as to whether the persons who might be enlightened by what you might choose to say on this occasion are of a class whose reading would include, or whose intelligence would be appreciative of, such pithy observations as fall from your pen and are read with gratification by others of more taste and cultivation.

What I desire to refer to, first, is the recent outbreak and present great vogue in this country among vulgar people—and even among some who, though possessed of recently acquired means, have not yet had time to attain to any degree of culture—of the omission of the letter "s" from the word "Yes." With some, the re-



MR. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

who, according to reports in the daily press, may accept nomination in North Waterloo in the Liberal interest, and if elected, enter the Laurier cabinet. Mr. King has been Deputy Minister of Labor and has done important work for several years as peacemaker in industrial disputes. He is a young man with a brilliant record, and has been highly successful in all he has as yet undertaken.

mainder of the word issues from the mouth with a sound as though the person making use of it were about to vomit. This is probably considered a great refinement of the practice. Perhaps, for the information of your readers, you could tell us to what clever person we are indebted for this embellishment of our language. Perhaps it might turn out that the shrinkage in this case is to be set down to the credit of the same great mind which evolved the amplification of the simple word "win" into the phrase "win out." Personally, with every inclination to reciprocate the more friendly feelings which our neighbors to the south are now showing towards us than they manifested up to a very few years ago, I am afraid that it is to them that we must credit this latest colloquial fad. Was not it with them that that other great vulgarity originated, the trotting about the downtown streets and other public places of women with heads uncovered, and also the disgusting habit of gum chewing? I have noticed that along with the disfigurement of the affirmative to which I have referred, there has, within the last few months, been a great increase among our people belonging to the same class of the use of nasal tones in speaking; in ignorance, no doubt, of the fact that recently a movement was originated among the more cultivated people of the United States, with such a man as W. D. Howells as one of the leaders of it, the object of which was the eradication of that disfigurement from the speech of the people of that country.

This is a field—the proverbial flattering by imitation of the United States by the vulgar and uneducated in this country in the adoption by the latter of the manner and modes of expression and general tone of the same class there—of which the few remarks I have made do not constitute by any means an exhaustive preview.

That even our daily press is willing to pick out of the rubbish heap and wear the cast-off clothing of our neighbors is evidenced by the almost universal use of the word "depot" instead of the formerly employed "station" in railway terminology. Probably the greatest of American philologists (Richard Grant White) says that such a use of the word is absurd, and the Americans themselves are at length very generally substituting in the larger cities "station" for the erstwhile "depot." Yet even when a telegraph dispatch comes from the United States in which the word "station" is used we find it supplied in our newspapers with a heading containing a reference to it as a "depot." Yours, etc.

FOR ENGLISH UNDEFILED.

Dangerous Performances.

TORONTO, SEPT. 14.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: You ask whether it is true after all that the public really enjoy performances in which the slightest error will cause death. I am afraid a good many of the people do. When Blondin in England performed on the high rope with peril to his life there were forty thousand people to see him. When he performed on the low rope feats more difficult but without danger to his life, there were not four thousand. What pleasure, other than that of witnessing risk of life, can there be in seeing a man get into a cage with wild beasts? Many years ago a relative of mine witnessed in Paris the ascent of a young woman in a balloon with three tiers of fireworks which she let off at successive elevations. On the fatal evening the top-most tier caught the balloon, and the performer rolled down from the skies in the sight of all Paris. Next day a man applied for the situation for his daughter. I never would go to Blondin, or any of these spectacles.

Yours faithfully,
GOLDWIN SMITH.

Mr. Soper Found Them at Home.

A PROPOS of the social grafter who lives on his friends, Lilian Bell tells the following incident in the October Smart Set:

We had been invited to dinner and the table was neatly and daintily set for four when the telephone rang. This is what we heard:

"Yes; this is Mrs. Blank. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Soper! Yes. Well, I'm afraid I couldn't this evening. I have made other plans. Why, yes, we are dining at home, but we have other guests already invited, and—well, you are very kind to suggest coming, but I am really afraid at this late hour that I could scarcely make ready for another. I—yes, it is very good of you, of course, but really, I am afraid—Why, yes; there is tea in the house. Yes, even bread! Well, of course, if you put it that way, we shall be most happy to have you. We dine in ten minutes. Yes, I could wait twenty. Yes, do try. Good-bye!"

The two men said something which began with, "Well,

I'll be something or othered." In half an hour Mr. Soper arrived. The first thing he said was:

"I do believe that you Blanks are the only people dining at home to-night in this whole blooming town!"

"Is that so?" said Mr. Blank. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, I just stepped into Mrs. Hyphen's apartment—they are always away for the week-end, so I use their telephone—they never have told me not to—and I called up nearly everybody I knew to ask them if they didn't want good company for dinner, and until I struck your wife, they were all either out or engaged."

We dined, and after several cigars Mr. Soper said: "I say, Blank, old boy, just go to the telephone and call me East Carlinsville 36, will you?"

Our host was a boyish-looking man, but it must have been several years since he had been obliged to fill an order like that. But, fortunately for Soper, Mr. Blank was a gentleman, and went. When East Carlinsville answered, Mr. Soper went to the telephone and said:

"That you, dearie? Well, I won't be home to-night."

I am dining with the Blanks in their jolly little apartment, and we are having such a good time that I won't try to come out to-night. I may stay here, if they ask me—here a jovial wink came from Mr. Soper to the somewhat unresponsive Mr. Blank—"if not, I'll get a bunk somewhere. Don't worry about me. I'm always all right. Good-bye!"

Now, the tariff to East Carlinsville was eighty cents, but Mr. Soper airily avoided mentioning the matter of settling, and when we left Soper was explaining that he would find himself perfectly comfortable on the library sofa, and urging Mrs. Blank not to go to a bit of extra trouble for him for breakfast.

ONE of the Toronto evening papers announced the other day that a certain man, having lifted a heavy weight, injured his heart. "The ambulance," it went on to say, "was summoned and the man was conveyed to St. Michael's cemetery." This seems to be altogether too swift a disposal to make of a man who might, perhaps, have recovered if given a chance.

THOSE interested in electricity will be pleased to know that the second New York Electrical Show opens in Madison Square Gardens on Oct. 3. Thomas A. Edison and other eminent men will speak and the half century since the laying of the Atlantic Cable in 1858 will be marked by many exhibits having to do with that event. There will be practical demonstration of the advance in electro-chemistry and electro-metallurgy. These exhibits will show processes, products, furnaces and systems; artificial diamonds will be made right on the floor, also artificial graphite, carborundum, silicon, electric steel, aluminum, calcium carbide, acetylene, chlorine, electric copper refining and electric welding and metal coating.

TORONTO has a humorist travelling about on one of the electric seeing coaches," says Buffalo Truth. When a reporter from that journal was riding around the city the humorist explained that the street they were on was one of the finest in the city, three miles long without a saloon or hotel on its whole length. "But," said he, "the residents don't feel bad about it; all the houses have large cellars."

C. DYNES, of Sapperton, B.C., lost his store by fire on the morning of Sept. 9, and the same evening he was run over and killed by a street car in New Westminster.

NEWSPAPERS throughout Canada should warn their readers in agricultural districts against seductive advertisements about seed wheat from Alaska that will yield two hundred bushels to the acre. Journals that care little about the kind of advertising they print so long as they get well paid for it, are publishing this advertisement. The department of agriculture at Washington made prompt enquiries and found that Alaska wheat yields but twenty-five bushels to the acre and is inferior in quality. The farmer in Ontario should pay a fancy price for seed grain without first writing to the Agricultural College at Guelph.

IN no place in the world does the Roman Catholic Church enjoy greater freedom than in Canada. So writes His Holiness, Pope Pius X. in a letter to Bishop Begin of Quebec, a copy of which was read in the Catholic churches of Toronto on Sunday last.

A LITTLE GIRL from a small town in Ontario was making her first visit to Toronto, when from the street car she saw, walking along King street, a man wearing a silk hat.

"Mammy," she said excitedly, "there's an undertaker." In her home town the silk hat was only worn on the occasion of a funeral, and by the functionary in charge, so she reasoned from what she knew.

IN a sad moment the editor of The Observer, of Cowansville, Que., writes: "Our Liberal friends consider The Observer to be a vampire sucking the life blood of the Liberal leaders. Our Conservative friends consider The Observer to be a patriotic paper doing its duty nobly by the country. Our studied reflection is that The Observer is a sinkhole for our money."

"MAKE no mistake about Canada," says the Cleveland Leader. "A great nation is rapidly growing up to the north of us."

SPEAKING of Wright's performance on remaining sixty-two minutes in the air on his aeroplane one day last week, the Paris Figaro exclaimed: "The conquest of the air is an accomplished fact, yesterday is a date in the history of humanity."

IT was a saying of that interesting member of Parliament, The O'Gorman Mahon, that there were only three individuals entitled to the prefix "the." They were himself, the Pope, and the —, well, the gentleman who is rarely mentioned in polite society. He forgot, however, The MacGillycuddy of the Reeks, whose fifty-sixth birthday occurred recently. He is, if ever there was one, an Irish chieftain and descendant of Irish kings. He owns no longer that fine chain of Kerry Mountains known as the Reeks, although he retains the title and also a residence of the same name. The surname MacGillycuddy dates from ancient Roman Catholic times, and means the son of the servant (or devotee) of St. Cuthbert, whose name, "Cuddy," is an affectionate diminutive. The wives of The MacGillycuddys, as of other feudal Irish chiefs, are always distinguished by the title of "madam."

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CAPITAL (unpaid) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (paid up) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,100,000

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Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 5 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. COOT,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, SEPT. 17.
NOTHING of special importance has transpired in local financial circles this week. The currency is gradually expanding, owing to the activity on the movement of grain in the West. There are no fears as to the ability of the banks in handling the financial end of the business, and, doubtless it will be done without the assistance of the "emergency" currency. The grain movement is unusually early this season, and prospects are bright for the export of the greater part of the crop before navigation closes. This will be of the greatest importance to our banks, as the early returns from the sale of the grain will put them in funds. They would then be in a good position to look after industrial and commercial interests, the soundness of which is so essential in the restoration of confidence and the return of general prosperity. While the money situation has been comparatively easy for some time past, banks have not shown a great inclination to meet the demands made on them, but this cause, no doubt, will be changed when the supply of new funds from the sale of the crops warrants a more liberal policy.

Canadian institutions have borrowed nearly \$143,000,000 in Britain during the first eight months of the present year. This statement is on the authority of Mr. E. B. Wood, who is in a position to know. This is a very large sum for a country possessing a population of less than seven millions, but it is proof that Canada and Canadians have the confidence of the largest money lenders of the world. Much of this money is for the greater development of a country whose resources are practically unlimited.

A summary of our borrowings this year, and they have been largely in excess of any like period in Canada's history, is \$43,000,000 on Government issues, \$64,000,000 on railway securities, \$20,270,000 on the sale of municipal, and \$15,075,000 on miscellaneous issues. Among the miscellaneous securities sold abroad this year were Toronto Railway Co. \$395,000, Toronto Power Co. \$2,500,000, Montreal Street Railway \$2,300,000, Ogilvie Flour Mills \$750,000, Western Wheat lands \$1,000,000, Western Canada Flour Mills \$1,225,000, and Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. \$1,000,000. The city of Montreal sold debentures to the amount of \$5,000,000, and Winnipeg \$7,500,000. The Canadian Pacific Railway sold securities amounting to \$34,000,000, the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific \$20,000,000, and the Canadian Northern \$10,000,000. The biggest individual loan was that of the Canadian Government, \$40,000,000. The expenditure of this vast sum must greatly help the industries of the country, and while our obligations have been necessarily augmented, there is little danger to be feared if Canada's production of grain and minerals goes on increasing as in the past.

There have been some recessions in the prices of securities during the week, and speculation has been on a more restricted scale. The investing public has been in the market, and first-class issues have been maintained. The mining speculation, which is still rampant, is no doubt responsible for the reduced trading in more tangible properties. Money is easier and in striking contrast to that of a year ago. Call loans on securities are quoted at 5 per cent., while 6½ to 7 per cent. ruled at the corresponding period of last year. Then, loans were being called freely, while now the lenders are only too glad when borrowers show a disposition to renew, and the rate on many running loans has recently been reduced from 6 to 5 per cent.

The annual report of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been issued this week. On the whole it is satisfactory. The company earned 10.9 per cent. for the fiscal year on \$121,680,000 common stock, and \$19,854,436 part payments of new stock. Perhaps the most unsatisfactory feature was the tremendous advance in the cost of operation. This has been going on since June, 1906. The ratio of operating expenses to gross earnings has increased from 62.7 per cent. in 1906 to nearly 65 per cent. in 1907, and in the year just ended the ratio has increased to 69.47 per cent. The company's position on June 30 was very strong. Cash on hand amounted to \$18,821,630, while the excess of current assets over current liabilities was \$11,622,624.

The total capitalization of C.P.R., \$345,616,841, is, of course, very small. It amounts to \$36,666 for every mile of road included in the traffic returns of the company. In addition to this mileage, however, the company has under construction 708 miles of new lines and 261 miles which are worked separately. The capital per mile, therefore does not really exceed \$33,000. But, on the other hand, the company holds securities in its treasury which are very valuable.

An American who has won a fortune in Fleet street, lately returned from a trip over the Canadian Pacific, says: "The Canadian Pacific is the greatest rail-road corporation in the world. It has to earn only \$6.00 per mile gross on its transcontinental lines to pay 7 per cent. dividends. It controls not only its railroad, but also everything that goes with it. Where the New York Central pays \$5,000,000 per annum to the express companies, and \$3,000,000 per annum to the Pullman Palace Car Co., the Canadian Pacific owns its express company and its palace cars. It also owns telegraph and telephone lines, steamship lines, timber lands, coal properties, smelting companies, hotels and industries along its lines. Its sources of income are remarkably diversified, and everything it operates pays because of good management."

At the annual meeting of the Rio de Janeiro Company in this city on Tuesday there was nothing of special importance elicited. Owing to illness, Mr. W. L. Bull, of New York, retired from the Board, and in his stead Mr. D. B. Hanna, third vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, was elected. Nothing was said with regard to a dividend to shareholders. Vice-President Alex. Mackenzie, who has been in charge of the company's affairs in Brazil, gave an outline of the work done. The annual report was adopted, the balance sheet showing cash in hand of \$717,492, and \$956,000 of the

\$25,000,000 of 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds in the treasury. Gross earnings for 1907 were \$6,286,200, and net \$2,127,726. The July earnings of the Mexican Light and Power Co. were published the other day. They were satisfactory, the gross being \$236,594, and the net \$151,155. The operating expenses show a further reduction as a result of which the percentage of expenses to gross earnings are only 30.19 per cent., as compared with 33.55 in July and 52.12 per cent. in May. The securities of the above mentioned properties have been less active this week, but owing to the recent advances it is but natural that they should have some reaction.

The number of Canadian bank agencies continues to increase, notwithstanding the predictions of many that in times of dullness and trade depression the number would diminish. According to Houston's banking return the number of agencies in Canada now reach 1912, a new high record. In the month of August fifteen new offices were opened and five closed. By way of explanation it should be said that, exactly as the conservative critics foretold, quite a large number of offices were closed, having been found unprofitable; but these were completely overbalanced by the new establishments created. The banks are usually content to operate new branches at a loss for a short while at first. If it should develop that trade does not pick up materially this fall and winter, and no immediate recovery appear to be in sight, it is altogether likely that the number of banking offices reported closed each month would undergo a considerable increase—perhaps it would equal or excel the number reported opened.

All who are interested in the mines and minerals of Ontario are indebted to the Bureau of Mines for the excellence of the report just issued by the department, on the Cobalt-Nickel Arsenides and Silver Deposits of Temiskaming (third edition). Although it is a government report it is edited and illustrated with an enterprise and thoroughness one would not expect. Pictures are given of nearly all the working mines in the Cobalt district, with portraits of the men who made important discoveries, and no end of simply-stated information about the mining that has been done and the prospects for the future. No doubt the Bureau will be deluged with requests for copies of this report and the maps that go with it.

Some will remember that Prof. Miller in his preface to the report of two years ago issued a warning against wild speculation, which, of course, was unheeded. Prof. Miller says that the owners of developed claims or mines should know their value at least as well as anyone else, hence, if such claims or mines are put on the stock market there is good reason to believe that the owners think they can make more money by "mining the public" than by mining the ore. But Prof. Miller is well aware that most people who buy mining stock in a boom care little about the real value of the properties, not being after permanent investments, but expecting to quickly sell out at a profit on the soaring market. But he wishes to emphasize one point, which is that losses through stock gambling should not be charged up against the mineral industry, for it is as legitimate as any other. The output of Cobalt camp up to the end of 1907 was over \$10,000,000, and over 50 per cent. of this output was distributed as dividends. But this record has been tarnished by absurd stock gambling which has taken place in connection with many of the properties.

The arsenic contained in the ores now stripped from the Cobalt camp equals about half of the world's production of this substance. Next to Sudbury and New Caledonia, Cobalt is the world's largest producer of nickel, but little of this metal from Cobalt is as yet being refined.

The higher prices for sterling exchange bills at New York has given rise to fears of gold exports. This would be remarkable at this season of the year, when the movement of money should be towards America. Various theories have been advanced in explanation of the strength of the sterling market and the adverse flow of international credits at this season of the year. It had been stated that the maturing obligations of New York City have been in part responsible for the unreasonable strength of the exchange market. It will be recalled that at the height of the panic last year it was found that the condition of the city's finances had to be adjusted as one of the first steps in unlocking the panicky congested condition of credits. Six per cent. notes were sold in various amounts up to \$65,000,000 with different maturities. A great portion of the loans made were placed abroad and become due November 1 next.

The rate of exchange for settlement purposes was determined at 4.83. There has been a gradual accumulation of exchange for the last four or five weeks, and it has been stated that about \$25,000,000 would be met in London on the date of maturity. It appears, however, that holders of the maturing notes, in order to take advantage of the high sterling rate have sent their instruments to London for collection, which, of course, enlarges the amount to be paid abroad. This has created a broader demand for sterling exchange in order to have funds in London to meet the maturities six weeks hence. European investors during last week have sold more American stocks and bonds than is generally known. This selling has been a potent influence in maintaining foreign exchange rates.

Call money in New York has been a little stiffer than for some months. The rate rose to 2 1-2 per cent. while a still easier condition prevailed in London, call loans there ruling at one-half of one per cent. It is said that business has improved some in the United States, and that money will probably be firmer in consequence. The New York associated banks have steadily expanded their loans during the prosecution of the campaign until today the account exceeds \$1,326,000,000, or almost \$250,000,000 above a year ago; when the stock market manipulation began loans were almost \$100,000,000 less, notwithstanding that the surplus reserve was \$14,000,000 above Saturday's total. The long-delayed outflow to the interior has at last set in. The West has not yet requisitioned

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WINTER CRUISES TO THE ORIENT

and the West Indies, via the Hamburg-American line. Unsurpassed service. Full particulars at the Toronto office, 63 Yonge street, Traders Bank building.

In a rural district a Scottish minister was out taking an evening walk, when he came upon one of his parishioners lying in a ditch. "Where have you been the night, Andrew?" "Weel, I dinna rightly ken," answered the prostrate sinner, "whether it was a wadding or a funeral, but whatever it was, it has been a most extraordinary success."—The Bellman.

Said an old salt, "I remember once when the Britanic was thought to be sinking a woman ran up to me, grabbed my arm and yelled, 'Oh, oh,

oh; we shall all go to the bottom! Mercy on me! How my head swims!' The mate, overhearing her wail, growled, 'Hang it, madam, never fear! You can never go to the bottom while your head swims.'—New York Press.

Tommy: "Ma, I met the minister on my way to Sunday school, and he asked me if I ever went fishing on Sunday."
Mater: "And what did you say, darling?"
Tommy: "I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and ran right away from him."—Judge.

Mike—Pat, there's only wan thing will cure malaria—that's whisky and quinine. Pat (anxiously)—Where kin ye get it? Mike—Th' whisky an' quinine? Pat—No; malaria.—Pick-Me-Up.

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possess a charm and durability that come of over sixty years' experience in the making of fine silverware.
Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped
MERIDEN BRITAIN CO.
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
CHICAGO and **Return**
\$12.40 via the
Only Double Track Line
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" " rail and boat 31.90
Good going Sept. 17, 18, 19
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ACCOUNT OF CENTRAL CANADIAN EXHIBITION.
\$5.40 Sept. 22-24 and 25
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Full information at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Sts.

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RETURN FARES FROM TORONTO
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Parties returning from the FRENCH, PICKEREL AND MAGANETAWAN RIVERS are unanimous in saying "THE BEST YE".
Bass, Lunge, Pickerel and Pike, lots of them and large ones.
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Leaves Toronto 10:00 a.m., and lands you right on the grounds the same afternoon. Write Passenger Dept., Toronto, about Fishermen's Camps and canoe trips.

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any large sum, and its own banks are so opulent that New York may not be called upon to send the usual amount, but in the South the situation is different.

The official government estimate is for a crop of wheat in Canada of 134,690,000 bushels, East and West. This estimate is compared with 130,263,000 last month, and 96,000,000 bushels final last year. The oats crop is still estimated at 269,000,000, while the barley crop is reduced 2,000,000 bushels to 49,438,000. During the month of August the world's wheat crop of 1908 is estimated to have shrunk 144,000,000 bushels. The greater part of this loss was suffered in Europe, the estimate on the crop there being 60,000,000 bushels lower than at the opening of August. France's loss was 40,000,000, against which the United States is shown to have lost 24,000,000. Prices generally have ruled very strong in consequence, but Manitoba wheat has declined. The Canadian estimated yield is greater than a month ago.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOST GOLF BALL

THANK Fate I've escaped from the hands of a dub From a player impossible, quite, A bald headed party whose knowledge of golf, To put it politely was—slight. He found me by chance on a bright summer's day, And blessed his good fortune, for I, Was a sweet looking ball, not damaged at all And perfect to "putt," or to fly.

I thought it was clever to hide in the "long" From the man who first owned me, but say, It's many a time I've regretted my act, And deeply repented that day. For he was a "plus," not a swatter of swats, Who hacked me all over the face, Like that fat headed clown, so swagger in town, But out on the Links—a disgrace!

Ah, well, I deserved it, for going astray At a time when it meant such a lot, To stay on the course like a well bred golf ball Of that eminent line of "green dot." I lost him the match, that young master of mine, And I know how he wanted to win, But for you can bet, that I've lived to regret That I ever went back upon him.

Since then I have suffered the torments of Hell At the hands of that Duffer, for he, Could swear like a trooper, when things went awry And his wrath wreaked it's vengeance on me, All shattered and battered and cruelly abused I fled to this hole in the ground— For golf may be fine, but the "simple" for mine! So, I pray, nevermore to be found.

W. H. WEBLING.

Brantford, Sept. 1.

The Canadian National Exhibition.
AT the final director's luncheon on the closing day of the Exhibition all the speakers were in the high good humor that is always occasioned by two weeks of perfect weather and a new record of attendance. President W. K. George said he looked forward to the time when the Exhibition would rival the World's Fairs—which, in fact, it already does in many respects. He saw immediate need for a Transportation Building, a Carriage Building, a Poultry Building, a Dog Building, a new building for Applied Arts, a new main entrance, and an eastern entrance for street cars.

Mayor Oliver and Controller Spence endorsed much that President George had said, and Mayor Oliver believed that owing to the way the Fair was growing, the people of Toronto would vote next January \$500,000 or \$600,000 for new buildings and improvements.

All the speakers complimented the Toronto Street Railway on the way the crowds were handled, and Manager R. J. Fleming accepted all this praise as cheerfully as he has taken the censure the press has heaped on him for several years. He said the company would put up the best equipment in America if they secured an entrance by way of Bathurst street, although the line would not pay. It was, however, the company's view that the railway should play its part in making the Fair a success. And, in fact, city people would attend the Fair in vastly greater numbers if they could get away without spending half an hour in a crush.

Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., threw out the suggestion that the Ontario Government should buy property, put up a permanent building for an exhibit annually of the resources of forests and mines. This is a very proper suggestion.

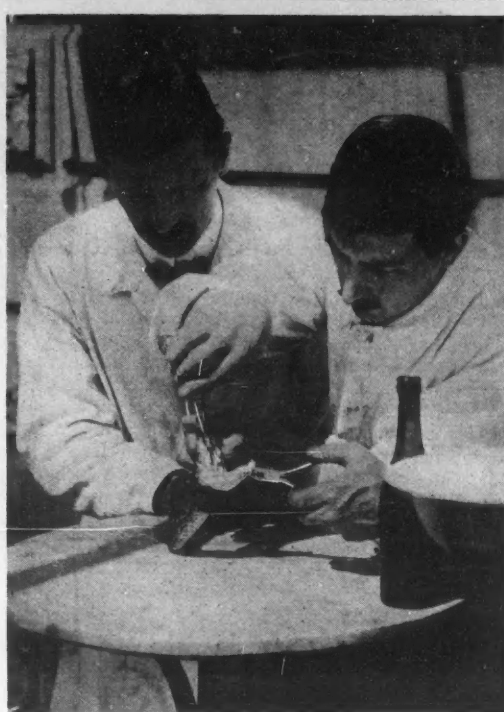
Park Commissioner Wilson has submitted to the city a comprehensive plan for the extension of the grounds east and west, with new buildings and new street car entrances.

This journal desires to join in the chorus of praise of the president, manager, directors and staff who have made the Fair so marked a success this year. It was a truly National Fair and a credit to the country. But in order that the point may not be forgotten, we desire to repeat that as regards further expenditures no money could be spent to greater advantage than in making the Natural History Exhibit a great big popular attraction.

The American Negro Problem.

NEW YORK LIFE throws some new light on the negro problem in the United States—a problem which Canadians are considerably interested in seeing worked out. That journal says:

Perhaps some day or other, there will be an important emigration of American negroes to Africa. Mr. Roosevelt is going to look that country over and perhaps he will make such a report of it as will make it look attractive to our colored brother. Forces that are conspicuously active in the world just now make strongly for the general retention of the various races within the terrestrial limits in which they have developed, and which they now occupy. The current propensity is to allot Asia to the Asians, America to the Americans and Europeans, and the greater part of Africa to the Africans, and some re-peopling of Equatorial Africa and the Congo region by American negroes may be included in the plans of Destiny. But if that ever comes to pass it will be by a voluntary movement undertaken by the ablest American negroes to improve their own condition and find a fairer field for advancement. There never will be any dumping of American negroes back upon Africa because they are troublesome here. We shall have them and their problem with us always probably, certainly for generations to come, and it behooves each of us patiently to learn his part in the current work of helping blacks and whites to



A REMARKABLE OPERATION

A scientific demonstration of the extraction of the deadly poison from the venomous diamond-back rattlesnake of Arizona, was given in the Boston Hotel at Earl's Court, London, on Friday, the 21st inst., Doctors Goodkin, Johnson and Bass officiating at the operation. By special arrangement, Messrs. Pathe Freres, the cinematograph firm, were privileged to make a series of pictures for which, we learn, a very handsome sum was paid. According to Dr. Goodkin, a rattlesnake's venom produces death in a human being in from 2 to 20 minutes. The fangs are used as a hypodermic needle to puncture the skin, the venom flowing from the salivary gland through the fang to the puncture and then taking action on the nervous system.

live and work side by side in average peace and safety.

The black and white races are never going to mix in this country to any extent worth worrying about. They mix in blood less now than in slavery times, and less in the North than in the South. The white race, stronger eight to one, in numbers, to say nothing of intelligence, is always going to rule. There is no social equality between negroes and whites in sight or dreamed of. But the negro must have his fair chance to live and rise, his legal rights to protection of property and person, and a vote if he can qualify as a voter under just laws.

He cannot get these things by his own might. They must be secured to him by white men. He is practically helpless in the hands of white men. Everybody knows that the problem is then for four-fifths, or nine-tenths, of the white population to protect the negroes against the lawlessness of the other fifth or tenth of the whites.

How that is to be done is a matter of detail. There are plenty of white men all over the country, South as well as North, who see that the law must protect the negro, and are ready to back it up in so doing. They prevent lynchings when they can, at any risk, and no matter what the provocation. They are ready to fight race riots if they can get there in time, and race riots need fighting. The decent people of Springfield, Illinois, where they had one last month, were not quick enough to nip theirs in the bud, but they have caught plenty of rioters, and it is in their power so to deal with them as to make race riots as unpopular in Illinois as Atlanta made them in Georgia. The Springfield rioters wanted to drive out the negroes, and apparently they did it. But the town had only about 3,000 negroes to a total population of about 35,000, which would be less than its share if all the negroes were distributed to all the States and cities giving each its quota. More than a tenth of our national population is black. Less than a tenth of Springfield's population was black. Every State, city, village and township in the Union ought to be ready to harbor and protect its share of negroes if they come to it. The problem is national; the responsibility for its solution is as wide as the Union. Wherever the negro can support himself he has a right to live and should be protected in it. He must live orderly under the law and expect punishment when he doesn't. But he must not be punished merely for being black (which is not unlawful), nor because some other negro has done something wicked.

Living in Comfort on Nothing a Year.

THE problem of high living on low incomes is solved by many, says Lillian Bell in the October Smart Set.

Our friend, Mr. Soper, was quite frank in explaining how to live thriftily in New York. At one time he said: "Now take me, for example. Telephoning costs me nothing, because all my friends let me use theirs. When I want to stay in town over night I can always find some friend to bunk me. That saves room rent. While as for dinners, I cannot even get around among my friends, I have so many, and I keep up my acquaintance with all of them. I have several friends among the publishers, and, knowing my interest in literature, they give me most of the new books. I know two or three theatrical managers, so I get to all the best plays free. My brother-in-law lets me have desk-room in his office, and there you are! If a man only has a head for management he can live very well in New York or any large city on very little."

Alas, instead of being the only one, our good friend Mr. Soper, whom all of us board and lodge in our turn, is only one of many. All are not so pronounced, however, but they are neither more nor less than social grafters—social leeches—persons who exist by a system of petty sponging on friends and acquaintances, with never a return of any sort.

These men never have but one cigar and are always smoking their last cigarette. In the friendliest possible manner it is always:

"I say old man! Got an extra cigar in your clothes?"

The Washington Post says: Meanwhile, in every department of navy progress we simply imitate the English. Three years ago the British Admiralty announced that everyone of the battleships thereafter would have turbines—this week our department reaches the same conclusion! And it is the Admiralty which is getting ahead of us again by conducting experiments with gasoline and suction-gas engines. As Mr. Lewis Nixon pointed out in our columns on Monday, the navy department simply will not interest itself in anything so new or so progressive.

AN AUTHORIZED TRUSTEE INVESTMENT

The Debentures issued by this Corporation are a security in which Executors and Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds.
They bear interest at **Four Per Cent**, per annum, payable half-yearly.
They are issued in sums of one hundred dollars and upwards, as may be desired by the investor, and for terms of one or more years.
Interest is computed from the date on which the money is received.
They have long been a favorite investment of Benefvolent and Fraternal Institutions, a d of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than **One Million Dollars**.
A miniature specimen Debenture, with Interest Coupons attached, will be forwarded on application.

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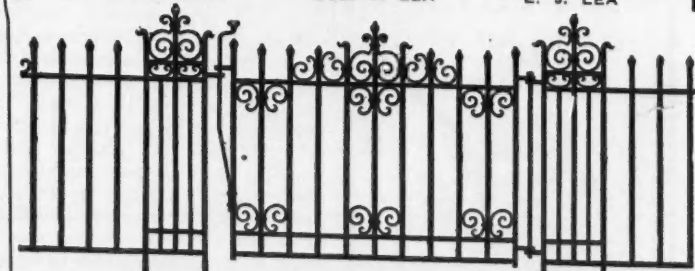
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NEW YORK LETTER

LABOR DAY and Primary Day have both occurred within the past week, but outside of the labor unions on the one hand and the politicians immediately concerned on the other, little interest was manifested in either event. Primary Day, whereon delegates were elected to the state conventions, passed off very quietly in New York city, few contests taking place on either side. In Brooklyn, however, conditions were not so pacific, Tammany Hall Murphy contesting the leadership of Senator "Pat" McCarren in every election district. The feud between Charles F. Murphy and Senator "Pat" began with the Brooklyn leader's failure to support Hearst two years ago, and culminated in the ousting of McCarren's delegates last spring from the convention in Carnegie Hall, and later on at Denver. The other day at the polls, Tammany made a last desperate effort to wrest control of the Brooklyn democracy from the wily Senator, but was routed horse and foot, the Brooklyn leader carrying eighteen out of the twenty-three districts. He will consequently control fifty-four of the delegates to the Rochester convention this week, unless Tammany repeats the tactics of last spring. This, however, is doubtful.

A more important event in local politics was the collapse of the Hughes opposition following the so-called "test" vote. While only small majorities in favor of the Governor's re-nomination were given in some districts, and adverse majorities in others, the anti-Hughes sentiment apparently was not as strong as the bosses anticipated, and they climbed down as gracefully as the circumstances allowed. The Governor's great speech at Youngstown, O., which practically opened the Republican campaign, makes him a factor in the national campaign not to be ignored. Those who feared he could not rise to National issues are amazed at the marvellous grasp he shows of every question under discussion, and his answer to the Democratic platform will be the most consulted text book of the campaign.

Labor paraded forty thousand on their day, making their start from Fifth Ave. and Central Park, and proceeding down the aristocratic thoroughfare to Washington Square. Represented in the parade were the actors' union, the compressed air workers' union, the theatrical workers' union, the patternmakers' association, the house-smiths, the pressmen, the lithographers, the typographical union, the newspaper mail deliverers, the garment workers, the barbers, the cigar makers, the bartenders, the pipe fitters and tappers, the double drum hoisters, the electrical workers, the slate and tile layers, the stationary firemen, the stationary engineers, the commission teamsters, the rock drillers and tool sharpeners, the paper-hangers, the teamsters, the barrel teamsters, the coach and cab teamsters, the building material teamsters, the wholesale grocery teamsters, the cattle butchers, the meat cutters, the metal polishers, the longshore riggers, the longshoremen, the interior freight handlers, the asphalt workers, the highway foremen, the rockmen and the scow trimmers. The day was an ideal one and a great crowd lined the route of march.

"THE REGENERATION," in which Mr. Arnold Daly is now appearing is intellectually at least, a full star distance from the work with which this earnest actor has recently been identified—notably the Bernard Shaw movement. The spiritual distance, however, from say, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," many would no doubt think entirely in favor of the melodrama. Of course, I do not agree with this opinion at all, but, as Mr. Shaw might say what are we two against so many? And "The Regeneration" is frankly for the many. If it should appear from this that Mr. Daly has gone back in his own high standards, who shall blame him? He fought long and earnestly for an intellectual drama and an emancipated stage, sacrificing, moreover, all his worldly goods on the altar of his faith. The result to us was two seasons of as good drama, as well acted as the American stage has seen. "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell," the happiest of these efforts were also financial as well as artistic successes. Then the tide turned. The failures that followed and the unsuccessful effort last year to found a Theatre of Ideas, notwithstanding the undoubted quality of the work presented, are now matters of history. Amid the sentimental fog and commonplace preachments that are from "The Regeneration," however, the intellectual breadth and clear spiritual vision of these Shaw comedies came home to us.

The theme of the play has to do with the reformation of a young Bowery tough at the hands of an earnest, strong-minded, but rather over-uncious, young settlement worker. She teaches him the four R's, religion very properly coming first in her curriculum. This he takes to much more agreeably than one would expect, in fact the evolutionary capacity of this hero is one of the remarkable things about the play. But, then, of course, with the limited time at their disposal, dramatists are not to be governed by ordinary human experience in turning their evolutionary processes. Even in "The Servant in the House," a model in construction, there is a great deal of spiritual foreshortening—if I may so describe it—in the regeneration of its characters. Then, again there is the case of Saul of Tarsus to confound modern psychology—and there you are, as Mr. Harry James would say. Ibsen, the modern master, escapes the difficulty by utilizing all the past, working out the psychology of his character and events before hand, and raising the curtain only at the moment of catastrophe. The reclamation of the bowery tough ends in a dog-like devotion to his benefactress and her love for him. Worldly wisdom, however, prevents the usual happy ending, and he makes the supreme sacrifice. It is a telling melodrama of stirring situations, strong emotional scenes, and, as enacted by the chief actor, at times thoroughly convincing in its appeal. The populace are

acclaiming it in unmistakable terms of approval. Helen Ware is admirable as the Bowery girl.

The epidemic of Salomes continues unabated, and in addition to the four impersonations in as many vaudeville theatres, we are promised still another that shall "out Salome all Salomes." How the new Salome is to outdo her rivals has not been disclosed. As the competition seems to be in nakedness and vulgarity, it would be interesting to know. Miss Gertrude Hoffman's alleged representation of Maud Allen's version for instance would seem to have reached the limit in both. Eve in her simple garb of propriety would be a pride in comparison to this damsel. And Eve's, be it remembered, was a putting on, not a taking off; her woman's answer to the dawn of moral consciousness. Now, no one is foolish enough to object to the nude in itself. It may be a beautiful thing, even a holy thing, according to the artist's treatment, the idea behind it being the determining factor always. We had singular proof of this in Miss Isadora Duncan's classical dances at the Criterion, although it seems almost an impiety to mention this artist's work in connection with these Salomes. Particularly with Miss Hoffman's, which I must characterize as the lowest exhibition, both in effect and intention that I have ever seen on a public stage. Even a self-respecting brothel would not own it. The naked body is not fully exploited, but the obvious sensual intention, emphasized in the writhing, coiling movements that accompany the dance. Every moment of the performance must be distilled poison to a large portion of the audience. Eva Tanguay's original version, to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning is quite as bad art, worse if that could be, though perhaps slightly less pernicious in its effect. The others I have not seen. So much for the Salomes and my moralizing. Perhaps the latter is just my roundabout way of twinging the department of morality and the police authorities, who so short a time ago arrested Mr. Arnold Day for producing a great comedy like "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and now permit this. Has Salome the head of St. Anthony Comstock, too?

An amusing contribution has this week been made to "The Devil" rivalry between Mr. Savage and Mr. Fiske, to which I referred in my last. The former it seems quietly rushed a second company to Philadelphia on the supposition that Mr. Fiske was planning a similar invasion of the quaker city with the Molnar comedy. Mr. Fiske, however, says that this fear was all needless. That he has no intention of presenting a second company for the simple reason that there is only one George Arliss, and it would not be fair to him or the public to present any other actor in the role. A year or so hence, he adds, when Mr. Arliss goes on tour, he is quite confident the public will come to see him in spite of all the other devils they have witnessed meantime.

The only new theatrical attraction of any consequence promised for the present week is W. S. Maugham's comedy, "Jack Straw," in which Mr. Charles Hawtrey is appearing with great success in London. John Drew and Rose Coghlan are the principal actors in the American production, and their names are sufficient guarantee of an adequate presentation.

New York, September 16, '08.

John o'Dreams.

WHAT a world that was you planned us—
Made of Summer and the sea,
Where the very wind that fanned us
Drifted down from Arcady.
There, where never Fate might sunder,
Rose your castle's shining beams.
Are you there to-day, I wonder,
John o'Dreams?

That was but a trick Life played you
When this planet knew your birth,
When she trapped your soul and made you
One of us on dreary earth.
Since for you what fancies crossed it,
Lures of alien stars and streams;
Have you found the path or lost it,
John o'Dreams?

Just a little day in May-time
Once I took the road with you;
Just a boy or girl in play-time
With a vision to pursue.
I but glimpsed the glow around it
Ere I turned, and yet it seems
Sometimes that you surely found it,
John o'Dreams?

—Theodosia Garrison, in Life.

The political term "gerrymander" (so the Argonaut tells us) celebrates the name of Elbridge Gerry, a governor of Massachusetts, who was an adept in the art of so arranging election districts that his own side had a dominating proportion of representatives. The story goes that Russell, the editor of The Continent, had in his office an election map of Massachusetts, in which the painter Stuart thought he saw a district in the shape of a salamander, and pointed it out. "A Gerrymander," answered Russell, and the word became a proverb.

The Calgary Daily Herald says: The reason The Herald does not want Keir Hardie out here is that he is a blatant nuisance, whose record is one of disloyal utterances and disturbing actions. He is largely responsible for the suspicion with which trades unionism has lately come to be regarded in England. His influence in Canada where, on the whole, capital and labor get along very well together could only be for evil. He is to normal labor conditions what a sharp-tongued mother-in-law is to a happy family.

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CXIV.



BREVET LIEUT.-COL. C. M. DOBELL, D.S.O.
Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Grad. R.M.C. of Canada, 1890.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage took place at St. James church, Hamilton, on Wednesday afternoon, of Miss Amy Marian Gwyn, daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. C. Gwyn, of Dundas, to Dr. Thomas McCrae, of John Hopkin's Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. Miss Amy Gwyn is the second of the handsome Gwyn family to marry in the last two years, her beautiful sister, Rachel, marrying the Rev. Canon Abbott recently. The church was lavishly decorated with pink and white asters, ferns and palms, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. A. Irving, rector of the church, assisted by the bride's brother, the Rev. H. B. Gwyn (Chicago), and her brother-in-law, the Rev. Canon Abbott, of Christ church Cathedral, Hamilton. Col. Gwyn gave away his daughter, who looked radiantly lovely in a white chiffon gown with bands of white satin, and beautiful Carrick-macross lace, the tulle veil being caught to her golden hair by sprays of orange blossom, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride roses, lily of the valley, and maiden hair fern. The maid of honor, Miss Marion Gwyn and the bridesmaids, Miss Norah Gwyn and Miss Bertha Wragge (Toronto), were attired alike in Empire frocks of white tulle de soie and short tulle veils, with wreaths of pink rosebuds, and carrying roses; they received topaz and pearl brooches from the bridegroom, who presented the bride with a diamond heart, and gave topaz and pearl scarf pins to the best man, Dr. John McCrae, and the ushers, Mr. Walter Gow (Toronto), Dr. Fletcher, of Baltimore, and Dr. N. Gwyn, of Philadelphia. After the ceremony, a reception was held at Staplehurst, the residence of Col. and Mrs. Gwyn, and in the evening, Dr. and Mrs. McCrae left for the seaside, and will return to Dundas for a few days before leaving for their home in Baltimore. The bride's travelling dress was a becoming tailor-made of royal blue chiffon broadcloth, with director's coat and a large black hat. Among the Toronto guests at the wedding were: Mr. Justice Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Osler, Miss Jeanette Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Willmott Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Dr. and Mrs. Scadding, Dr. Harold Parsons, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. Breefy O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mr. Gosling.

All Saints' church was the scene of a wedding at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Violet Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, was married to Mr. Robert W. Reford, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Canon Broughall and the Rev. H. G. Raymond. The bride's gown was of crepe de chine and filet lace made semi-Empire, a tulle veil and orange blossom, and she carried a shower bouquet of lily of the valley tied with chiffon. The attendants were Miss Florence Smith, maid of honor, and Miss Blanche Water and Miss Rosale Stewart, bridesmaids, who each received a pearl brooch from the bridegroom, who gave the bride a handsome pearl and topaz pendant. The maid of honor was attired in white silk voile and satin, and a pink satin hat with ostrich feathers; her bouquet was of pink asters. The bridesmaids were gowned alike in pink organdie and white lace, with Charlotte hats, and bouquets of pink asters. The best man, Mr. Chas. Hillock, received gold cuff links from the bridegroom, who gave pearl tie pins to the ushers, Mr. Norwood Blackburn and Mr. John Wood. A reception was held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's sister in Brunswick avenue, after which Mr. and Mrs. Reford left for Chicago, the bride travelling in a golden brown cloth tailor-made, and hat to match. On their return, they will reside in Tyndall avenue, Parkdale.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Higinbotham have issued invitations to the marriage of their ward, Miss Mary Helene Sandilands, to Mr. Henry Austin Chadwick, on Wednesday, Sept. 30 at 4.30 in St. Andrew's church, Guelph, with a reception afterwards at Ellenlawn.

A meeting, at which about fifty representative people were present, was held on Tuesday afternoon at 106 Beverley street, which has just been purchased as the new residence for women earning their own livelihood, where eight of the rooms are already comfortably furnished, and several large donations of money have already been contributed to complete the good work. The building was christened Georgina House, and the following board of directors was appointed: The Provost

of Trinity College, the Rev. Canon Welch, Mr. J. A. Kammarer, Mr. Noel Marshall, and Mr. Dyce Saunders. The ladies who will have the institution in their special care are: Mrs. Broughall, who was the chief instigator in promoting it, Mrs. Kammarer, Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Mrs. Edward Brown, and Miss Gertrude Brock.

Mrs. E. B. Osler has returned from a trip to the seas, and is quite well again after her recent illness.

Miss Milne (London) has come out to enjoy a winter season in Toronto under the wing of her aunt, Mrs. R. A. Smith, who is preparing to give the handsome visitor the time of her life.

Mrs. Reynolds has returned from an eight months' trip to Winnipeg, the Rockies and the Coast, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Moore. Mrs. Reynolds is now settled at the Alexandra, and has Mrs. Elwood Moore staying with her for a few weeks.

Canon and Mrs. Jarvis, of Napanee, have rented 34 Hazelton avenue, and are coming to reside in Toronto.

Mrs. Samuel Thompson returned from Niagara-on-the-Lake yesterday.

The Hon. Francis Charing, M.P., has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange this week. Mrs. Goldwin Smith, who has not been enjoying the best of health lately, is leaving next week for Clifton Springs, accompanied by Mrs. Burns.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Douglas have returned from Minicoganashene.

The Rev. J. Brydges and Mrs. Brydges (formerly Miss Jarvis, of Toronto), are moving from Islip, Long Island, to New York, where Mr. Brydges will act as assistant to the Right Rev. Frederick Courtney, D.C.L., at St. James church on Madison avenue.

The fete in aid of the Sisters of the Church School purchase fund, which was given at Trinity College on Tuesday and Wednesday, was a signal success, considering in what a short time it was organized. Stalls for candy, aprons, fancy work, ice cream and afternoon tea were ranged on each side of the entrance hall, each provided with a bevy of pretty girl assistants, who were most attentive to the many customers who thronged the hall during the afternoon. An enjoyable feature of the entertainment was the programme of music and dances rendered in Convocation Hall by Miss Downing, the English harpiste; Miss Johnstone, 'celliste; Miss Gladys Sanderson, pianiste; the Misses Sternberg's dancing class which rendered some concerted numbers and solo dances in a most commendable manner, in view of the fact that only two days' notice was given to the pupils. The Maypole dance performed by the pupils of the church school was one of the most effective numbers, the little girls in fluffy white frocks and wreaths of daisies performing intricate figures among the heavy colored ribbons, making a charming figure. Some of the children who danced particularly well were: Miss Kathleen Murphy, wearing black spangled tulle, who performed a graceful skirt dance; Miss Rhea Day, the Highland fling; Miss Marie Daltry, Miss Rita Haynes, dressed as England, performed her skirt dance most skilfully; also Miss Vivianne da Costa as Ireland, Miss Rita Day as Scotland, and the Misses Audrey and Margaretta da Costa as Canada. Miss Gladys Sanderson kindly accompanied the dances. Each evening a very interesting lecture, illustrated with lime-light views, was delivered in Convocation Hall by the Rev. Canon McNab. The Dean of Trinity College and Mrs. Duckworth, just returned from their wedding trip, were among those present, and are just getting settled in the Dean's quarters of the College.

Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Osler are coming from Ottawa shortly to reside in Toronto, where Mrs. Osler (formerly Florrie Scarth) will find a hearty welcome from her old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Hostetler, of New York, were in town this week.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Blake Moss, daughter of the Hon. S. H. Blake, to Mr. Alexander MacKenzie, of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. The marriage will take place next month.

The last dance of the season took place at the Island Aquatic Clubhouse on the Island last night.

Mr. James Brock O'Brian, K.C., has sailed for Europe, where he will join Mrs. O'Brian in Paris, and they will probably return to Toronto about the end of October.

Miss Williams and Miss Dwyer, of The Wm. Stitt Company, King street east, have just returned to town, after having spent a week in New York.

Mrs. Cecil Trotter and her family have returned from their cottage at Eastbourne, Lake Simcoe, and have taken a furnished house, 384 North Brunswick avenue for the winter until their new residence at the corner of Dunvegan and Forest Hill roads is completed.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Hodgson, daughter of Mr. Wm. Hodgson, to Mr. Samuel R. Martin, took place at Holy Trinity church on September 16, at 7 p.m. The aged rector, Rev. Chas. Pearson, conducted the ceremony. The happy couple left for a month's trip through the northern lakes.

Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson, who have spent several months abroad, returned home to Toronto on Tuesday.

Mrs. James FitzGibbon and Miss Marjorie FitzGibbon, Mr. F. McCarthy, Rev. and Mrs. Gwyn, Miss Warnock, Miss Campbell, Mr. Owen Staples, of Toronto, Miss Wolverton, of Hamilton, were passengers on the Parisian arriving in port at Montreal on Tuesday.

Rev. Mother Superior and several of the sisterhood of St. John have returned from England.

Miss McLean Howard and Miss Beatrice Francis have returned from abroad.

Mrs. Haydn Horsey, of Montreal, who has been quite ill, is now better and able to drive out.

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when we promise the ladies of Toronto a complete display of the latest novelties in French, English and American Hats, with modified designs by our own experts.

Those who are interested in artistic headgear, combined with common sense prices, are asked to visit our show-rooms on Tuesday.

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THE NEW ROYAL BANK BUILDING.

THE new building of the Royal Bank of Canada, in King street, Toronto, attracted much interest among visitors to the city during the National Exhibition. It was spoken of by visitors as the new building with the marble front. The exterior is built of New England marble and, it is said, that, with one exception, the front facade is perhaps the whitest on the continent. The building is a finely balanced bit of architecture and the interior is well worth seeing. Canadian marble is unique—the floor of Tennessee and Rouge Jasper marble, and the wood panelling of American oak. The walls above the twelve-foot wainscoting, are hand-tooled artificial stone and the ceiling is executed to

match the panel work. The building is, of course, of the latest fire-proof construction. In the past few years some fine buildings have gone up in Toronto and the new Royal Bank is an important addition to their number.

Mr. Phusser—Cynthia, I have joined a Don't Worry Club. Mrs. Phusser—I am sorry for the club. It will have to change its name.—Boston Traveler.

Louie—Uncle, what's chagrin? Uncle—Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs and jumps on a car that doesn't start for half an hour.—Chicago Daily News.

For sheer simplicity of phrase and conception few have surpassed that delightful old lady who, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, inquired whether "soda-water" should be written as two separate words, or if there should be a syphon between them?—Argonaut.

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

WHETHER does editorial work, or any considerable writing for the press, finds himself, not infrequently, on the horns of a dilemma peculiar to the profession. This is when something comes up for discussion which throws him into a quandary as to whether his comment shall be kindly, tactful, and colorless, or whether it shall amount to a real opinion based on his cold judgment of the matter under consideration. This hew-to-the-line, fear-nothing, honesty-before-everything talk is all very well for the outsider. It is all very well for the writer for the press too, on most occasions. But there are times when the writer is reluctant to express the word of his honest thought, not because of fear or favor, or some weakly sentiment, but because he is really in doubt whether such an expression would be wise or have any good results. It is with some such embarrassment as this that the reviewer who wants to be conscientious regards a number of books of Canadian poetry, as they lie, unopened, pretty and fresh from the bindery, upon his table. Canadian to the core he is himself, but he is, perhaps, not without experience in the reading of Canadian and other verse, and he thinks he knows what to expect before he opens the nice-looking new volumes. A certainty possesses him that the contents of them all can be safely classified as follows: (1) Tinkling rhymes about rivers, trees, and mountains; (2) extravagant apostrophes to and of "our own, our glorious Maple Land"; and (3) verses concerning ancient deities, shrines or what not that no Canadian cares a continental about. He is satisfied they will be on a dead level of feeble perception and commonplace expression. But what will he say about them? Will he judge them indulgently by the old provincial standard? Or will he judge of them at all? He knows how full of susceptibilities are new writers, amateurs, and professional amateurs. He wants to encourage them all. His paper from time to time prints "original poetry," knowing it is what it is, but knowing also that by such encouragement some good writers have been unearthed and some really good verse, red-blooded, and artistic, too, has been produced. Indeed it may be well to point out that the Canadian verse printed in the newspapers is, on the whole, better than the Canadian poetry to be found on our bookshelves. Those who write only when they have an idea produce better material than those who write to fill a volume.

Well, here are some new volumes of Canadian poetry on the present writer's desk. Let us look into them and see what we shall find. And let us try, for once, to arrive at the merits of what they contain; for, after all, the Dominion, in a literary sense, has discarded its little Lord Fontle-roy clothes, and when one allows his verse to go forth nowadays in cloth covers he must sooner or later be ready to accept criticism.

"The Selected Poems" of William Wye Smith (William Briggs, publisher, Toronto). The first volume, then, is not a new book after all. At least the poems it contains are not new, and we know all about their venerable author and the quality of his work. The Rev. W. W. Smith is one of the oldest of our verse writers, and one of the best beloved. He is also one of our best versifiers, outside of the little group of men like Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Car-



Poet (to Blackbird). "For goodness' sake be quiet! I'm trying to write about a skylark!"—Punch.

man, who do artistic work and who rank with the best of the world's minor poets.

The present volume of Mr. Smith's verse contains a selection, made, and well made, by himself, of his best work. Mr. Smith does not claim to be a finished writer. "Homely verse" is the term by which he characterizes his work. Unpolished, however, as his poems may be, they are every one wholesome and human in tone. They express the feelings of a kindly, good, God-fearing man, and many of them, especially those in the Scottish dialect which he loves, are an aid to good and cheerful thoughts.

Before passing on to note with praise the best of Mr. Smith's verse, let us consider a defect very general not only in his work but in that of all Canadian poets. I mean the defect of ill-chosen metre. Metre is a poem's tone of voice. If it is inappropriate to the theme, the effect produced is incongruous, to say the least. Opening Mr. Smith's present volume haphazard I come upon the following poem on

THE NEW YEAR.

Time is like a restless river,
Bearing on its tide away
Weeks of radiant hopes, that ever
Bloom and fade with closing day;
Bearing on the youth to manhood—
Bearing manhood past its prime—
Changing all things, passing never;
Touch, O touch us gently, Time!
We who speak, and ye who ponder—
We who write and ye who read,
Gliding swiftly down, may wonder
If we're growing old, indeed?
If the past is gone forever?
If the present may not stay?
Or to-morrow be the giver
Of the joys we missed to-day?
One year more of all the number
Given us for our earthly stay,
Gone into the past, where slumber
Every wasted "yesterday!"
Up to action! Let the present
Day, and year, and hour of time
Prove, while love and hope are pleasant,
Duty only is sublime!

Here is a serious poem written to a trifling measure. If Mr. Smith had chosen quiet, dignified metre he could, almost in the same words, have given us a dignified, if not uncommon, expression of an excellent sentiment. The poem, as it stands, is an ineffective, commonplace, tinkling rhyme. This characteristic weakness of Canadian poets is mentioned here, not so much by way of criticism of Mr. Smith's generally admirable work, but rather in the hope of bringing it to the attention of the novices in versification who may chance to read this little chat about poetry.

There are two poems by Mr. Smith that I read years ago, and have remembered. I am glad to find them in his new volume, for they are his best. They are genuinely Canadian, these two—"The Canadians on the Nile" and "The Second Concession of Deer." The latter is what might be called good newspaper verse, and concerns John Tompkins and his house of logs. "The Khan," in whose style it is written, has made a great deal of less effective verse. But "The Canadians on the Nile" is virile and strong like the Canadian breed of men. It may well be reprinted here:

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

O, the East is but the West, with the
sun a little hotter;
And the pine becomes a palm by the dark
Egyptian water—
And the Nile's like many a stream we
know, that fills its brimming cup—
We'll think it is the Ottawa, as we track
the bateaux up!
Pull, pull, pull! As we track the bateaux
up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're
at the top.
O, the cedar and the spruce line each
dark Canadian river;
But the thirsty date is here, where the
salty sunbeams quiver;
And the mocking mirage spreads its view
afar on either hand;
But strong we bend the sturdy oar to-
ward the Southern land!
Pull, pull, pull! As we track the bateaux
up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're
at the top.
O, we've tracked the rapids up, and o'er
many a portage crossing;
And it's often such we've seen, though
so loud the waves are tossing;
Then 'tis homeward, when the run is
o'er, o'er stream and ocean deep,
To bring the memory of the Nile where
the maple shadows sleep!
Pull, pull, pull! As we track the bateaux
up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're
at the top.
And it yet may come to pass that the
hearts and hands so ready
May be sought again to help, when some
poise is off the steady;
And the maple and the pine be matched
with British oak the while—
As once beneath Egyptian suns, the Cana-
dians on the Nile!
Pull, pull, pull! As we track the bateaux
up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're
at the top.

The second volume awaiting consideration is "The Wing of the Wild Bird and Other Poems," by Dr. Albert D. Watson, and published by William Briggs, Toronto. The dedication is "To Canada, my Country, with reverence and love." From this dedication one would scarcely expect the poems that follow to be marked by restraint and freedom from extravagant emotionalism. Let us see. Here is the opening stanza of the first poem:

Hail to the great Dominion!
Her flag in splendor flies
Upon the wind's wild pinion,
'Neath blue Canadian skies.

And when the breezes bear it
Aloft on tower or flood
It wakes the kindly spirit,
It stirs our Viking blood.

The poem concludes:

Oh, happy consummation,
Oh, destiny sublime,
To be a righteous nation,
The standard of all time.

The guess was good; Dr. Watson's poetic expression, when on patriotic themes, is rather extravagant. But there are some really admirable things in the book. He may not believe it, but here is the best thing he has done; it is a bit of refined verse, a very pretty conceit:

LIEBESLIED.

Each dauntless star in the deep, dark
sky
Has said to me out of the night:
"I am loving you here in my home on
high,
I am loving you here in the light."
The wind that blows on my cheeks and
hair
Is singing to me a song:
"I am loving you, Dear One, out in the
air,
I am kissing you all the day long."
The grass I press in the summer sweet,
Has whispered to me this sound:
"How I love to caress your wandering
feet,
I am loving you here on the ground."
The word of the wind and the starlight
clear,
Of the meadow with dew-drops pearly,
Wherever I turn, I can always hear,
For Love is the heart of the world.
But how should I know how sweet and
true
Is the soul of the breeze and god,
Had I never, my Own, in my love of you,
Found the great, sweet heart of God.

The best poem on love ever written by a Canadian is that altogether lovely little thing, "The Master-Build-er," by the late Isabella Valancy Crawford. If Dr. Watson, who writes with admirable feeling, takes such work for his model he may yet do something quite fine.

The third volume is by Wm. Inglis Morse and is entitled "Acadian Lays and Other Verse." It is also published by that most enterprising publisher, William Briggs. The first Acadian lay is a rhyme about an old French cellar. It contains this stanza:

These ruined cellars, smoothed away
By the farmers' plough or spade in play,
Leave naught but stones, where the
trailing blackberries grow,
And the passerby may stop and feast
ere they go.

As to the quality of this versification I am silent. I do not want this article to deal in technicalities. Such little, indeed, as I once knew about the technicalities of verse-making, I have tried long since to forget. But I might point out that even the exigencies of rhyming do not warrant the writer in suggesting that a farmer dallies in play with a plough or a spade. If Mr. Inglis's book gets into the rural public libraries I fear that his first poem will arouse much rude, hoarse laughter. And, anyway, the author has selected the wrong kind of cellar to write about. The Acadians, he reminds us, were simple, temperate folk. What flavor of romance or anything else could linger in their cellars?

Here is another poem by Mr. Inglis about an old French cross. The poem is here reprinted in prose form for two purposes—to save space, and to give the reader a chance to see what some poetry reads like when it is not dressed up to look the part. Here it is:

Upon a cliff that fronts the bay, a
wooden cross stands far away. Many a
tale it tells of yore—heroic deeds and
peace and war. It whispers not of love
and cheer, but the flight of the French
and the Micmacs here. Deserted
now it stands alone, the gravesign of
the years long flown. And naught doth
mark by memory, and days and scenes
fore'er gone by.

What is this about? Why was it done? And why, why do so many hopeful young Canadians rush to newspapers and publishers with verse before they have anything to write about or before they know something about the mechanics, as it were, of a delicate, difficult art?

HAL.

Those who read Dr. Sylvanus Stall's former book, "Five Minute Object Sermons," will be interested to know that a new volume by the same author has just made its appearance, entitled, "Talks to the King's Children." These talks are on the common objects of life, and Dr. Stall, in simple language, makes each subject extremely interesting. The book should prove exceedingly useful to all who are engaged in teaching the young in Sunday schools and other places, and sometimes find it difficult to make their moral teaching entertaining to their youthful hearers. The book is published by William Briggs, Toronto; \$1.00 net.

An American edition has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, of "The Prevention of Tuberculosis," by Dr. Arthur Newsholme, president of the Board of Public Health for Great Britain. The book is said to possess great value to all who are concerned in fighting the white plague.

"How fast is your steam yacht?"
"About a case of champagne an hour."—Life.

When a City Grows Great

Some of the Big and Novel Problems Which Engineers Have to Solve.

TORONTO is already a large city.

She will, one day, we trust, be great—one of the first-rank cities of the world. Everything we build ought to be built with an eye to the future, and all our municipal plans ought to be made on the basis of the big-city idea. The big-city idea ought to prevail, for example, when the new Union Station is built. The rebuilding of the Grand Central Station in New York gives the onlooker an idea of what sort of problems Toronto may have to face some day—problems which may be handled much more easily if they are considered to some extent before they are right upon us. The New York Sun has this to say about this big feat of engineering:

It would be a simple matter for a resourceful contractor to take a city block, tear down the buildings on it, scoop out a forty-foot excavation, lay electrified tracks in a double decked terminal and then build a row of six-storey office buildings on top of the whole thing. But to do all this and at the same time to continue uninterrupted the heaviest flow of passenger traffic in the city—that is an entirely different proposition. That is what makes the remodeling of the Grand Central Station an undertaking of tremendous difficulties.

The work has been going on now for four years, night and day. Over a million cubic yards of material, mostly solid rock, has been removed; dozens of buildings have been torn down, and yet there has not been a single serious accident.

The great shed that jutted out over waiting trains has been removed piece by piece, and not a fragment of stone or broken glass has fallen upon a passenger or workman below. During all this time trains have been run in and out of the terminal at the rate of one in every four minutes. Not one has been held up for any great length of time.

The usual methods of excavating and laying tracks would not do at all in the work of building a new Grand Central Station. The engineers have to cope with situations entirely novel. They are called upon every day to originate new methods of carrying out difficult engineering feats.

Take, for example, the removal of the train shed, a structure of steel, brick and wire glass, 530 feet long and 100 feet high. The ordinary manner of demolishing a building would not do in this instance. It would not do to tear away the roof covering in thirty-foot strips, to pry off great chunks of brick and plaster and to pull the walls down bodily. No indeed! The train shed must be removed brick by brick, one pane of glass or bar of steel at a time. There were the trains coming and going every few minutes, the swarming crowds of people below to be considered.

This is how it was done: An immense wooden scaffold with a semi-circular wind shield was erected above the tracks in the yard, set up on wheels and moved against the end wall of the shed. This end wall was taken down in small sections.

The scaffold, which just cleared the roof and sides, was then jacked ahead a few feet, a narrow strip of the roof and sides, like a slice from a loaf of bread, was removed and the scaffold pushed ahead again. This process continued slowly until the workmen reached the arched steel trusses that constituted the framework of the shed.

Each truss had a span of nearly 200 feet and weighed a great many tons. It would take months of tedious labor to saw them up into sections or to cut them through with cold chisel and sledge. The engineers rose to the emergency. They brought out a stocky little nozzle of heavy steel, connected it through tubes with two tanks, one of acetylene gas, the other of hydrogen under high pressure and touched a match to the end. A tiny white flame no greater than a man's finger appeared.

It was trained on a twelve-inch plate of solid steel half an inch in thickness. The blower cut the plate neatly in half in less than two minutes. The arches lasted about forty-five minutes each. They were divided into convenient lengths, lowered to flat cars by a derrick and hauled away.

So the work proceeded until the old shed was removed and temporary wooden structures that could be torn down in a few hours had been substituted.

The removal of the train shed, though affording a good illustration

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of the difficulties met and mastered, is but one of a host of details. The greatest feat of all is the depression of the tracks from their present level to the lowest plane of the reconstructed terminal, forty or fifty feet below the street. This must be done in longitudinal sections, one track at a time.

The yard is so cramped that nearly all its width is required for the operation of trains. This leaves only a narrow space in which to work. Before one of the high level tracks may be torn up and its roadbed lowered there must be in service on the lower level a track over which its traffic may be diverted.

Then, too, foundations must be laid and steel work erected for the two sub-surface tiers, one above the other, that serve as terminals for suburban and through traffic. As the trains now running into the temporary terminal on Lexington avenue occupy the upper tier it is necessary to have the erection of the steel work keep pace with and follow closely behind the excavating.

At the present time trains are being operated on four district levels. Through trains for distant points up State are run on the old level and on tracks partially depressed. Suburban trains arrive and depart from the first sub-surface level, twenty feet below the street. Flat-cars, drawn by construction engines, traverse roadbeds at the bottom of the excava-

tion in the second sub-surface level, forty feet below the sidewalk.

To the layman the appearance of the Grand Central yards just now is one of inextricable confusion. But to those who are directing the work everything is clear and simple and progress is being made in an orderly and systematic manner.

The Song-Maker.

I MADE a hundred little songs
That told the joy and pain of
love,
And sang them blithely, tho' I knew
No whit thereof.

I was a weaver deaf and blind;
A miracle was wrought for me.
But I have lost my skill to weave
Since I can see.

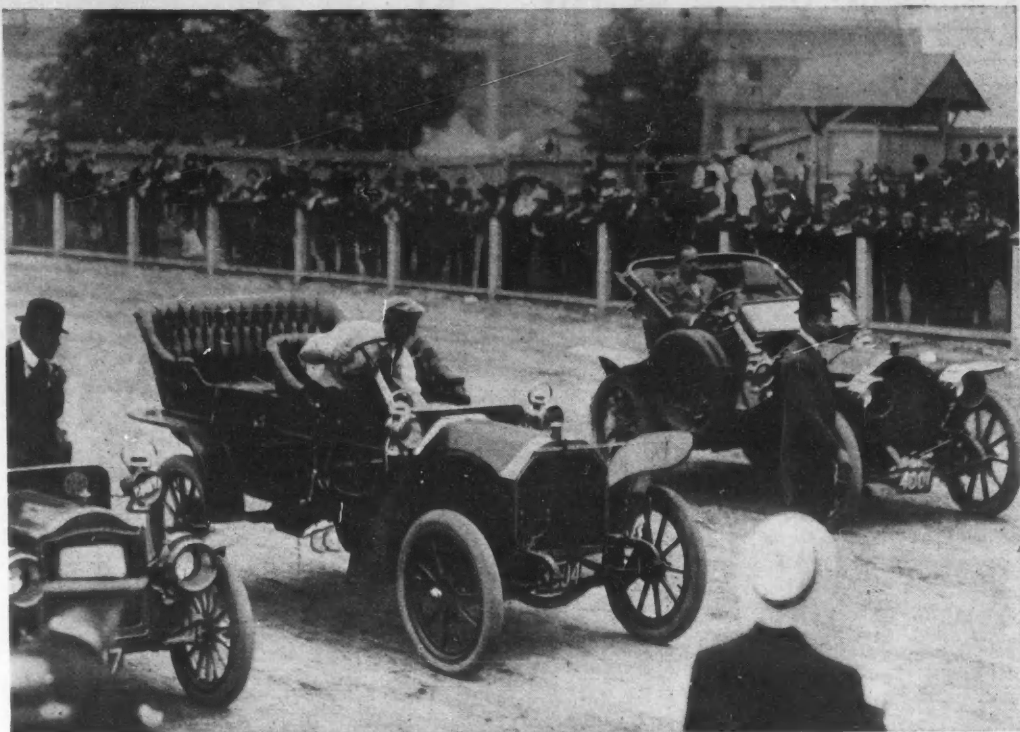
For while I sang—ah, swift and
strange!
Love passed and smote me on the
brow;

And I who made so many songs,
Am silent now.
—Sara Teasdale in Harper's Magazine.

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SPORTING COMMENT



THE AUTOMOBILE RACES AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.
In the car to the right is Mr. John Eaton; in the car in centre is Mr. A. M. Grantham, while standing between is Mr. T. A. Russell.

It is our painful duty to announce that the Canadian international cricket eleven, playing against the United States at Philadelphia this week, got beaten to a frazzle. In their first inning the Canadians were all retired for the paltry score of 36. The Americans then put on 173. Next day the Canadians made a little better showing, securing 116, of which W. J. Marshall hit 52 and W. C. Baker 25, leaving the other nine players an average of 4 runs each. The U. S. eleven thus won the match by an innings and 21 runs.

What's the matter?

A few weeks ago Mr. J. W. Woods of the Toronto Cricket Club selected an eleven of his own and took them down to Philadelphia, where they made such scores as one reads about in English county cricket, and won most of their matches against the best talent of the United States. Why that success and the present failure? Well, here was an eleven selected from various clubs all the way between Hamilton and Montreal. They were players, but they were not a team. Perhaps we cannot expect a representative international eleven to do much unless those who play in it can give the time to get together a few days in advance for practice, and so that they can learn to work together.

THE Ontario Championship Tennis Tournament, which has been in progress at the courts of the Toronto Tennis Club on Bathurst street for some time, has aroused much interest among lovers of this admirable game. Last Saturday afternoon both the men's and the ladies' champion-

only after a hard and brilliant game. The meeting of Baird and Paterson on Saturday in the challenge match did not result in very spectacular play, except in a few spots. It is always a pleasure, however, to witness play between these two popular young men. They are both experts and both play with excellent temper. As far as style goes, Mr. Paterson has not his equal hereabouts. His service is not particularly severe, but it is strong and peculiar, and he is as confident with his second ball as with his first. Mr. Baird, like a true Scotchman, is canny in his play, and when playing with an opponent like Mr. Paterson, never takes chances. He does not tire either, and on Saturday, when he won the first set, it was easy to see that Paterson must surrender his title. The latter gradually weakened, and although he started by taking the first three games in the third set, his determined and fresh opponent defeated him decisively. The score was 6-4, 6-3, 7-5. It may be said that Mr. Baird has won the title by hard work and devotion to the game. When he came to Toronto from Scotland a few seasons ago he was a strong player—the Scottish champion, I believe—and at once proved himself to be in the class of our few expert players. He was beaten, however, by Mr. Glassco, and last year by Mr. Paterson. But he is by temperament a young man who will not stay beaten without a great effort, and who will neglect nothing in the way of training to ensure victory. He well deserves the honors he has won this season.

Miss Moyes is beyond a doubt the

Baird defeated Miss Summerhayes and Mr. McFachren in the finals for the mixed doubles championship. As Miss Hague and Mr. Paterson, last year's holders, have wisely decided not to defend the title, Miss Moyes and Mr. Baird annex the doubles championship and the singles as well.

WHILE on the subject of lawn tennis it might be well to suggest that the time has about come when somewhere in the city, if not at all the large clubs, proper accommodation ought to be provided for spectators at important matches. Tennis is very popular in Toronto, but it is in about the same position as hockey in its lack of a place where games can be played without disadvantage to either players or onlookers. It was said in the reports published in the daily papers that the attendance at the tournament just closing was quite large. It might have been considered large—for a tennis game in Toronto. But as a matter of fact, considering the size of the city and the popularity here of the fine game of tennis—the attendance was ridiculously small at all the championship matches. When only a few people can see a game in comfort it is logical to conclude that only a few will try to see it. Those who attend a tennis tournament in Toronto find practically no accommodation provided. At the Baird-Paterson game last Saturday there were a few benches along one side and at one end of the court. Those who were too late to secure these stood or sat on the verandah of the club house and peered through and around the hats of the ladies in front. This is a matter well worth taking up in the larger interests of lawn tennis here. There ought to be at least one court in town with gallery accommodation.

ON Sept. 28, 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2 and 3 the eighth annual ladies' meet of the Royal Canadian Golf Association will be held on the links of the Lambton Golf and Country Club and a large attendance of the best lady players in Canada is expected. The programme has been arranged as follows, and it will be seen that "mere man" is not allowed to participate in anything except the mixed foursomes on the closing day:

MONDAY, Sept. 28—2 p.m.—Annual handicap, team match, and qualifying round for the ladies' championship and consolation competitions, 18 holes, medal play.

TUESDAY, Sept. 29—2 p.m.—Championship competition, first round, 18 holes, match play.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30—10 a.m.—Driving competition, 2.30 p.m.—Championship competition, second round; consolation competition, second round.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1—10 a.m.—Approaching and putting competition, 2.30 p.m.—Championship competition, semi-finals; consolation competition, semi-finals.

FRIDAY, Oct. 2—10.30 a.m.—Championship competition, finals; consolation competition, finals.

In the event of the finals for the championship or consolation being between a Quebec and an Ontario player, the match will be played at 2.30 p.m.

2 p.m.—Inter-Provincial match, Quebec v. Ontario, 18 holes, match play.

SATURDAY, Oct. 3—10 a.m.—Mixed foursomes competition.

THE automobile and bicycle races and contests in front of the grand stand at the exhibition on Friday and Saturday last, attracted a wide interest. In the minds of thousands who witnessed these events a great deal of erroneous thinking about automobiles must have been removed, as people saw with what perfect ease and certainty these ma-



A GREAT CROWD OF CARS.
Autos ready for action in the Races and Contests at the Canadian National Exhibition, witnessed by Twenty Thousand People.

ship singles were decided, or rather, the challenge matches were played by which the titles were won for the year.

In the men's singles Mr. Baird challenged Mr. E. R. Paterson, last year's champion, and won in three straight sets. Last season the struggle was also between these two players, Mr. Paterson winning. The crack Rusholme player has practised constantly this summer. He is steadier than ever and was in the pink of condition for the finals and the challenge game. He had little trouble in disposing of the list of players entered for the championship until he met Allan, a former American crack, in the finals last Friday. Allan now lives at Haileybury and made a dash for the cup. He was beaten by Baird

best lady player in the province, probably in the country. She is able not only to beat all comers, but to beat them decisively. She, like most of our lady players, does not play against her opponent particularly, but she gets the ball over the net regularly when it comes back to her. No matter where it goes she drives it back steadily. With those who play a similar game she is invincible.

Last year she won the championship, and this year was challenged by Mrs. Belson, an English player, who won the finals. On Saturday the latter was scarcely at her best, but Miss Moyes won from her in such decisive fashion as to leave little doubt as to her ability to defeat Mrs. Belson at her best. The score was 6-0, 6-1.

On Monday Miss Moyes and Mr.



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"The Beer With a Reputation."

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle."

chines can be handled by those who use them. The contest for touring cars was won by Mr. A. N. Grantham, with Mr. W. H. Gooderham second, and Mr. E. P. Howe third. This was a relay race, the driver being required to stop at the tape on each lap, dismount and change his passengers, and then make a quick get-away. In a similar event for ladies, Miss May Dinick won first prize. The obstacle race was more exciting, it requiring that the cars be driven around barrels set at short distances apart. For cars under 105-inch wheel base, Mr. F. J. Fox was first, Mr. W. C. Peck, second, and Mr. W. C. Grant, third. With cars over 105-inch wheel base, Mr. J. C. Eaton won, with Mr. A. N. Grantham, second, and Mr. F. Mutton, third.

IN the stopping contest between automobiles at the Fair on Saturday afternoon four cars were coming down the track at a fast clip, and a man among the crowd overlooking the fence beside the track, exclaimed:

"Are those fellows crazy?"

"No," came the unexpected reply from George H. Gooderham, M.P.P., who stood just inside the fence,

"those men are not crazy. They are going to show you how quickly a car going at full speed can come to a full stop." And they did. The thing was demonstrated most convincingly.

THE annual race of The Montreal Herald, around Mount Royal, will take place this year, like its two predecessors, on Thanksgiving Day. The race is open to any amateur athlete in good standing, irrespective of club, nationality, creed or color. The only assurance that The Herald asks is that the competitor shall be an amateur in good standing. No athlete against whom there is any suspicion of professionalism will be accepted as a competitor.

There will be individual prizes—gold, silver and bronze medals, in addition to the handsome Herald trophy and the Criterion Cafe Club prizes. Last year's race was by long odds the biggest of its kind that ever happened in this country—if not in the world. The entries totalled up to the huge number of 263. Nearly two hundred started, and 163 finished.

The course, from the starting point to the city limits was lined with spectators. It is calculated that easily a hundred thousand people watched

some portion or other of the race.

Those wishing to take part may get full information by writing Mr. John Taylor, Daily Herald, Montreal.

HAVING won the N. L. U. championship for 1908 it now seems likely that the Tecumsehs, of Toronto, will not be able to hold the team together for a trip to New Westminster, B. C., after the Minto Cup, this fall, but will probably challenge for next June. No doubt this will suit the Western club all right.

OVER thirty entries were in at the first of this week for the Ward Marathon road race of twenty miles, to be run on Oct. 10. The entries include most of the best known runners, among them three Indians, Longboat, Hilton Green and Henry Jackson, of Midland, a new one, but well spoken of. It is said that Longboat is again off his feed, in which case it is pretty good betting that some paleface will lead all the basket-makers home in this year's run.

"De real resourceful man," said Uncle Eben, "when some one hands him a lemen is ready wif de suar and other fixin's to make it to-lable pleasant to take."—Washington Star.

SETTLING THE EASTERN QUESTION

By R. RAMSAY

THE rich man chuckled. "I shall get into history after all," he said.

The world has no adjective for him, nothing but gasps and thrown-up hands. Among themselves, people spoke of him as a brilliant spider, but all men, collectively, could only sit up and stare.

He was growing old, and becoming tired of the yellow fog that shut him in. All pleasures were cheap—so cheap as to have no value. He had certainly done a good deal of giving, but individuals and institutions alike lost their heads over his large charity, and went rapidly to the bad. He had no trusted friends, for all the world was poorer, and the peering up made all their looks oblique. Some were too proud to stretch out their hands, lest he might suppose that they wanted to have them filled; others held their own out for that.

There was a weight on the rich man's shoulders, and he stooped under it. His only son had gone down beneath it, and his daughter had come to him crying once—her lover would leave her because of her father's stupendous wealth; it was no reasonable fortune, but a nightmare, he said, and had run away to the wilds of Africa, Effie cried often still.

"I must find some big thing to do," said Peter J. Moses, sadly. He had done great things already, but they all looked trifles and thistledown to his eye.

Over in Europe the Powers were snarling. One country that was no power lay helpless, wicked, and terribly, inviting, at all their feet. It was a choice, if indigestible, meal for one, a bone of contention for the company. They growled at each other over the edges of the platter. The papers were suggestive that some outsider should step in, an outsider whom nobody would envy. At the idea they drifted away into airy speculation.

"An outsider!" said Peter J. Moses, soberly, and then chuckled. He was that.

The wealthiest man in the world ploughed the ocean in his big steam yacht, and his family, being wretched sailors, moaned low in their gorgeous berths. They anchored at last amidst warships and boatfuls of diplomacy, and the head of the family landed, taking his way to a stately, gold-tipped palace, the centre-point of that crazy land. There all was panic—panic that had blown in at last like a sudden wind and taken hold of the ruler—or the personage who might have ruled—completely.

"I don't like to suggest what will probably become of you," said Peter J. Moses, blinking shrewdly into the white face of majesty on its cushions, "but you will do well to consider my offer first."

The great man stared at the little man with defiance and suspicion that slid into gratitude as that offer was made. . . . So should he slip through the hands of all that hated him; so would he continue the long, luxurious life that the noisy Powers and the noisy people would otherwise soon shake out of him; so would the eagles go back empty . . . so, therefore, best.

There were shrieks and shouts in the city, sounds that should make a ruler—if he were one—tremble. There was menace as decided in the silent deputation of grim European diplomats marching up to that palace one hour later. Their ultimatum was as grim as their faces, and as the cannon down below.

To them it was surprising to be encountered, and, so to speak, detained, by an insignificant little man who wore no robes and no uniform whatever, yet seeming to have a purpose in planting himself before them. He spread out his hands and spoke.

"I've taken over the whole show myself—je m'en charge, voyez-vous? but I shall want the loan of those guns of yours and a few regiments, to knock things into their places. Seid ruhig! you had better talk it over quietly with me. I've paid for it."

There was astonishment. The great Powers smiled—by telegraph—and their representative waited to how the thing would work.

Preliminaries were settled, and Peter J. Moses walked down to his yacht, glanced round at the ironclads, and called his wife and daughter. They came up, and were alarmed at the unusual excitement of his manner as he stood cracking his fingers, while his few hairs bristled up singly in the air.

"Jane," he said to his wife, who was still green from the long, discomposing voyage, "would you like to be a queen?"

"No," she said, staring at him hard.

"Had the money driven him mad at last?"

"Well, it's a bigger order still. I only used the word because if I said sultana you might think it wasn't respectable. The thing is, I have bought up this muddle of a state that has set poor little Europe so long by the ears. I'm to run it on my own lines as a sort of thanksgiving turkey. See?"

His wife cast up her hands with a dreadful "Oh!"

"Are you in your senses?"

"I hope so. Europe doesn't think I am, but is properly grateful all the same. You ought to be pleased, my dear, for your own sake, socially. You are one of the crowd at home, though you have things they haven't. Here, you will be a sun or a moon! The old man is packing, and is going to clear out soon, and it will be the Arabian Nights over again with the latest modern aids."

"With you for Haroun al Raschid?"

"Precisely," said Peter J. Moses, solemnly.

"Will it cost much, dad?" was the daughter's eager and only question.

"Well, I reckon to have got an outlet," said her father. "No fear of choking up the pipes here, Effie. It will take just as much as I chose to spend."

A little color came into her pale cheeks. "Oh, dad," she said, "do you think you could get poor?"

"I don't quite think so. But it won't be such a monstrous pile when I'm through with this."

The girl looked happier. "You'll let it swallow as much as ever you can, won't you, dad?" she said, running away to sob.

"Poor little girl," said the rich man, looking after her. Then he turned to a swarm of interviewers who had followed him across the seas in special steamers, and now boarded him, bloodthirsty. To them he gave the heads of their next articles for them to embroider, bidding them observe that he was prepared to sink a fabulous sum on his new caprice, and forbidding them to so much as hint that it might turn out a paying concern. The reporters took down their notes and subsided into little boats, and the rich man remained on deck, blinking at the afternoon sun and the glinting gold of the city that was his. He was proud of himself at last, and full of an ambition that gave him a hold on life. He was the right man now in the proper place, and the millions that had so long cursed him were going surely to do good.

"I shall be Haroun al Raschid," he said to himself again while the sun slanted lower and began to gild him even.

II.

The old man had indeed cleared out, and had taken the price of his evacuation. He would build himself a wonderful dwelling in the warmest East and feel himself shunted into Paradise, not sent, as he had been threatened, to the other place. His palaces, his people, and his perplexities he had left behind, and the richest man in the world took it all up lightly. There was a good deal of sweeping and garnishing to be done, and with the kind help of European armies it was all carried out as well as new brooms could do it. The wicked met suddenly with their deserts, and the face of the earth was cleaner.

Then Peter J. Moses washed his hands and took possession. The great palace had been prepared with all possible magnificence for its new owner and his family, who were used to luxury and yet did not seem to match it. It had been done up by a giant firm of upholsterers in Eastern fashion, and in one of the splendid chambers there was a surprise.

"What is this?" inquired the new master, stopping before a heavy portal that barred the way, and turning to one of the many long-robed dignitaries who were now his own—much grander, less capable, than housemaids. The man showed his teeth and smiled.

"A present from his highness—a parting gift," he said, drawing out a golden key and throwing the portal wide. Peter J. Moses stood on the threshold, staring. Effie and her mother began to gasp. Consistency is sometimes shocking.

Forty lovely shapes rose up to greet their new lord and master.

Peter J. Moses rubbed his chin, and his wife bounced forward. "So this is what it has come to!" cried she. "No wonder you were afraid I might not consider it quite respectable."

The forty ladies had now approached, and were imitating gracefully their joy at belonging to the present lord. It had been difficult for them to grasp the importance of

so mean a personage, and to believe that this was indeed the potentate to whom they all belonged, but the attendants convinced them of it quickly, and they hastened to make amends. Peter J. Moses backed, and took refuge behind his wife, begging her to assure these ladies that he did not consider them, or wish to consider them, his property.

"He belongs to me," said Mrs. Moses. Effie interpreted. "We belong to him," said they.

Effie, who had learnt nearly everything that could be taught, as very rich people must, could admonish them direct. She tried, but they looked on her scornfully and burst into a laugh. Her weak blue eyes and wispy hair did not give her any dignity in the eyes of these dark hours. She was helpless.

"What shall we do with them, dad?" she said.

"Tell them they may scoot whenever they like," suggested Peter J. Moses, meekly. "Or, stop. Ask them if they would like to form the nucleus of a new University for Women. I'll run up a building in no time, and fetch over some professors. They seem to need education. Till then, tell them, they can have their liberty."

Effie did so.

The arrival of a steamer from across the seas annoyed the new ruler greatly. The whistle sounded shrill and awful, and a sudden clamor followed as the passengers landed, growing louder as they formed themselves into a long procession and struggled to walk in front. They were all missionaries of new sects, sent to prospect their several beliefs and manoeuvre each to get his own proclaimed as the state creed of the country. In mid-ocean they had run down a rival boat, consequently they were not so many, but most new sects had one representative.

As they marched palacewards they were reinforced by a second arrival. This boat had been delayed through touching at various points to gather individuals, and had collected most of those who had not been eaten or otherwise disposed of by weary heathens, bringing them to conquer these pastures new. Among those weeded out of the African interior was one tall stranger who seemed, though with them, hardly of them. However, he went up with the others to the palace.

Effie, daughter of the wealthiest man in the world, sat and looked down on the loneliness of the palace gardens. Lower, among the orange trees and the showery fountains wandered the forty beauties whom Peter J. Moses had repudiated. They were enjoying some of that liberty which was theirs, and chattering of new things that they could not understand.

Effie sat by herself, with her thin face propped on her hands. She had a headache, and her heart was aching too, as hearts will with the unlucky. Whatever money could buy was hers, and had always been, but the things that cannot be bought are the hardest to do without. The great wealth that would come to her had been a curse to her only brother. He had lived too fast to hold out beyond the few wild years that had been his, and the shadow of his death—and his life—had lain heavy on them all.

It was after that that they had hidden from their riches and tried to forget that they were not poor. She had worn shabby little black serge frocks, and they had suited her far, far better than the costly garments that smothered her real self. It was then that she had become acquainted with Tom—poor Tom, who thought her a little teacher on a holiday, who was sorry for her tired, pale face, and got to care for it. She had looked nice sometimes when taking a long wet walk and holding up her cheek to the rain; she had looked bright and her eyes had sparkled, and Tom had held up the cotton umbrella over her, keeping between her and the wind. On the sunny days she had grown brown and rosy, and had looked almost pretty in her small white cambric shirt. It was on a sunny day that Tom had told her he wanted to take care of her forever.

"I will have to explain about myself and about my people," she had said, feeling somehow a little fearful, she could not say why, but showed it in the flutter and changing color of her face.

"Don't tell me anything you would rather not," said Tom, putting his arm round her. What did he care for any painful story that she might have to tell?

"I must tell you some day," she had sighed.

"Let it be some day, then," Tom had said, and she had put off the re-

velation. It was lovely to seem poor, and to make little anxious plans with a lover who was eager to work for her and to win a small home for her where there would be much contriving, and, oh, a great deal of love. There was no glare and gorgeousness about this dream, nothing to make one's head ache and one's heart grow sick with doubt. But she must wait some day. If only in the awaking she did not find Tom a dream!

For the last time she had worn her shabby clothes and a bunch of plain daisies on her bosom, and she had hidden her face on Tom's shoulder, whispering—

"Tom, I am not—a teacher. I'll tell you. It won't make any difference, will it?"

She loved him for what he was. Perhaps she would not have cared for him as she did if he had not been so foolishly indignant at her deceit. He was eager to join his life with that of the shabby little teacher, but he stopped and grew cold when her wistful eyes looked out from gorgeous surroundings that dimmed their charm.

"Why should it be different?" pleaded Effie, but Tom shook his head. She was different. Who was he, to step up to Peter J. Moses and ask for his only daughter—a demand which implied the giving of more than that? He would not take up the burden of wealth uncountable, and, losing all independence, bear the contemptuous congratulation of the world. Better keep self-respect.

It was a pity that Tom was so proud, that he could not see that here was a burden for him to carry bravely, that it would be braver to stop and carry it than to go off exploring in the desert, leaving it upon Effie's own poor shoulders. Alas, for pride! Now Effie's only dream was to be poor.

"There will be no taxes, dad?" she had said plaintively as Peter J. Moses laid down his laws. "There will be no taxes."

"I shall run the show out of my own pocket," said he immediately, and Effie's face had cleared. For a moment she had been afraid this might be a paying speculation.

She sat now among the orange trees and thought—when did she not?—of Tom. Were not all the papers full of the mad caprice of the world's biggest millionaire? Did they not all add and reckon the tremendous sums that were daily swallowed by his huge undertakings? Did they not prophesy ruin for the imprudent capitalist? If Tom should hear these things, would he not come to her?

The hum of the missionary deputation grew close and loud. In the distance Effie could see a stream of bobbing heads. She wondered idly what they had come to say, and leaned back again, not caring. By-and-by she saw one figure detach itself from the rest, and asked herself what that stray person could want wandering from the flock. Surely, surely, she knew him well? She looked and trembled, and then sat quite still.

The forty emancipated beauties raised their dark eyes as the intruder walked by. They stopped dipping their hands into the fountains and throwing drops of water at each other; turning their looks on him, they smiled, and one of them flung an armful of blossoms over him. He shook the petals off his coat and walked past.

"You have come back!" said Effie.

"I have come for you," said Tom. "Is your father crazy? It is all very well to pour out his money and plunge himself into the riskiest country going, but, as for you, I have come to take you out of it."

"At last!" said Effie. There was color and gladness in her poor pale cheek.

He took her hand and together they found their way to the great hall where Peter J. Moses was explaining to the representatives of a few hundred sects that he could not fix upon a state religion yet, and that he was particularly engaged in schemes of electricity, motor cars, and colleges.

Slowly, while he spoke, three elderly ladies detached themselves from the black-coated crowd with which they had travelled over-sea. They had come to make their voices heard on a family matter.

"Nephew," said one, stepping up to Peter J. Moses, who shrank backwards (a man does not soon reach that period at which he is no longer afraid of his maiden aunts), "nephew, have you taken leave of your senses? It took your uncle, Peter, all his life to get together one-third of your money; it took your uncle, Job, all his life to do likewise, and it has been said that your uncle, Moses, sold his soul to scrape together what you got from him. Are you going to fritter it all away on a land of heathens?"

"It is very wrong of you," said the

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second aunt, "and we should have no difficulty in having you shut up in an asylum. We shall try."

"You will ruin yourself," said the third aunt, sharply. You will be ruined and murdered, and we shall all beg our bread—and get none, for people will say that we are to blame." They all glared at their elderly nephew, as if he was still a small boy to be whipped, and as if they would dearly like to do it. It was then that Effie and Tom came in.

"It is a bold and a queer thing that you have undertaken," said the explorer, earnestly. "Give me Effie, and let me take her away from any peril there may be. Keep your money for the plan, that will, thank goodness! swallow a lot of it. I want Effie."

Peter J. Moses looked at them. There was great happiness in his daughter's face, which seemed too small to hold all her joy. She was not thinking of escape from danger—knowing little of the anarchy and confusion that had to be stamped out—she was thinking only of escape from splendor. There was red in her cheeks and her eyes were eager.

"Be happy, then, little girl," he said kindly. He had thought out a grand destiny for Effie, but he would let it go. Poor little girl! Let her free herself from the burden of riches that had lain so heavy. It was unnecessary for him to proclaim it, but he had no intention of ruining himself, now or later. He was going to grease the wheels, and to do it freely, as it was such a big concern. Then he would carry it through and astonish old Europe, besides getting himself a page in the history books.

Effie said good-bye to the splendor that would not make her head ache any more. For lack of a confidante she told her story to the forty fair ones who were to form the nucleus of Peter J. Moses' new University for Women. They thought that she was a fool.

The thing was wonderful, and grew daily more so. The land, a blot upon civilization, was scrubbed and was daily whiter. The small man who dwelt in the despot's palace and poked his sharp nose into every corner, was backed up nobly by the astonished Powers. None dared rebel, and after a while nobody cared to, for life was made easy to the good, and the evils were all suppressed. A golden shower had softened all things, and the author of it sat up in his chamber and rubbed his chin, devising laws. There were to be universities and schools and Volapuk, that was the grand idea. The country was to be a model kingdom, as superior to the ordinary run as a big proprietor's model village is to the battered old hamlets that have no patron.

"I am doing a big thing, and I shall not be forgotten," said Peter J. Moses, complacently. Nobody hungered in all the land, and even the empty brains were going to be filled. It did not seem possible for some years, and when it did look possible it was a fact.

"Hurrah!" said poor worried Europe, relaxing the vigilance of her

cross eyes, and letting her armies rest.

Three dirty men were speaking in a mysterious room. The place was mean, and their tones were low, but their expressions were strong. There was a Russian and a Frenchman, and a man without any country, and the one aim inspired the three—which aim was Liberty.

"I do not fear for my country," said the Russian. "When tyranny is bitter, it is felt, and the nation's heart grows up against it. While they suffer they do not forget, and so we can wait and watch."

"There is nothing with us worth daring to destroy," said the Frenchman, sadly. "When a great man rises it will be time for us to rise; but that is no blow which falls on nothing."

"It is a vain thing to put out of the world what it will not miss," said the man without any country. "That is not the way to make humanity recognize our protest. We have got to hit hard that the world may feel that we are truly fighting for Liberty."

"Ah! but there is a new thing for us to destroy," said the Russian, eagerly. "There is a tyrant"—his eyes gleamed, and he hissed the words through his teeth—"a new, smooth tyrant, who hoodwinks with accursed gifts all he grasps, dulling in their hearts the knowledge that they are slaves indeed. There is no surging of a great people against oppression, no bitterness and rage of wrong. They will be blind; they will not start up in fury to break the smooth chains that enslave so tight. Brothers, the cause of Liberty is lost if we let such tyranny corrupt the earth—if we let such a tyrant live!"

There was a firm, low mutter of assent. They struck their hands together and set to work.

So it happened that one night, when the moon shone down on a newly peaceful land, where horror was forgotten, and for which a bright dawn was breaking, when Peter J. Moses looked out of his window and rejoiced, feeling that all was well with his undertaking, there was a sudden crash and blackness, and the whole great palace burst into the air.

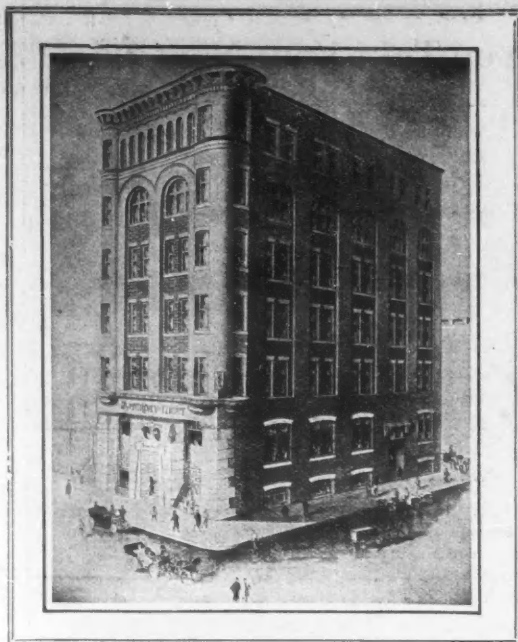
In triumph among the ruins stalked the three worshippers of Liberty.

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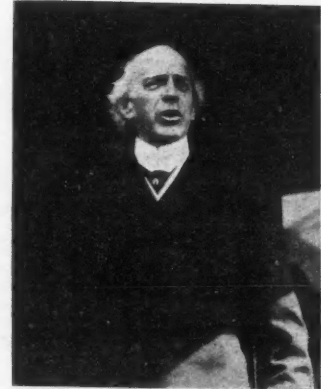
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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

POINTS ABOUT SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

THOUGH a political campaign like the present necessarily reveals the fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has enemies both public and private, perhaps not wholly confined to the Conservative party, he is probably more popular with Canadians at large than any member of his own following. One reason for this is that he is gifted with a capacity for eliminating politics from his social relations. It is said that there is no more delightful man, when he chooses to take an hour or so off from the job of being to all intents and purposes the ruler of this country and stands aside, as it were, to become for a brief space a spectator of the game. Long years of



SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

experience have taught him the folly of bitter partizanship, and it is just possible that in such moments of reflection he is inclined to doubt whether the dual party system as we have it on this continent is the finest flower of human intelligence, the ultimate word in constitutional government. This, despite the fact that by bestowing a salary on the leader of the Opposition he has given the

dual party system the force of law. Sir Wilfrid, indeed, occasionally crushes an individual—and no one knows how to do it better—who doses him with too many manifestations of party zeal. A session or two ago, and for many sessions before that, there was in the Press Gallery at Ottawa a correspondent of many years' experience. During the period that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was leader of the Opposition this correspondent, as the representative of Conservative newspapers, was the bitterest of Tories. In fact, his partizanship used to excite the derision of colleagues more closely allied with the interests of the party than he. Even after Sir Wilfrid came to power this condition existed, until one fine day the correspondent's excellence as a newspaper man won him an offer from a Liberal journal which valued his reportorial capacities and did not mind what his politics were. Within twenty-four hours he turned a mental somersault and continued to add to the gaiety of nations by his partizanship, but now his enthusiasm was all for Laurier and the Liberal party.

Sir Wilfrid, whose eyes are on things great and small, had heard of and noted this process. One day some score of reporters from various cities were waiting to see Sir Wilfrid in his reception at the hour he had appointed for meeting them, and the newspaper man in question seized on the occasion to make a veritable stump speech in denunciation of the tactics of the Conservative Opposition. Sir Wilfrid entered in the midst of it, and the presence of the Prime Minister augmented the volubility of the reporter, who saw an opportunity for "making himself strong." Sir Wilfrid listened with his hands under his coat tails and his back to the fire. When he had heard about enough he quietly interpolated the remark:

"Very good indeed, very good indeed; but tell me, my dear sir, were you born a Reformer, or were you, like myself, born an opportunist?"

The effect of his words, couched in a tone of amusement and irony, was absolutely crushing, and the correspondent could not resent the imputation, because Sir

Wilfrid with a diabolical tact had taken the odium of it upon himself as well. Needless to say, the rest of the gallery men were hugely delighted.

A PREMIER'S DIFFICULTIES AND ANNOYANCES.

THE leader of a great party must necessarily be adept in administering a timely snub without seeming to do so. When travelling, he is particularly liable to be assailed with the conversation of strangers who want to discuss matters of State with him off-hand. An unguarded word on the part of the leader might stir up all kinds of political trouble, especially in a country like this, where political and racial susceptibilities are so strong. That is one reason why a private car is necessary to the comfort and well being of a Cabinet Minister. Sir Wilfrid, however, on previous campaigns has, while in Ontario, for reasons of policy, preferred to travel in the ordinary day coach, with only a private secretary, or an organizer to act as a buffer.

In the autumn of 1899, three and a half years after his advent to power, he contemplated going to the country, and a tour in Ontario was arranged. Just as all the plans had been prepared and announcements made, matters came to a head, and intelligent people will not soon forget the puerile and degrading rancor and slander which arose over the sending of troops across the seas. Mr. Tarte was made the subject of special attack, and Sir Wilfrid ultimately decided to postpone the elections for a year. He was obliged to carry out his tour in Ontario, however, at a time when he would, no doubt, have liked to be in Ottawa to be in touch with the inside currents involved.

His tour took him to Bruce County for two or three meetings, with a view to holding the old Scottish Grits, who were slightly suspicious still of a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic in the place of a Brown or a Mackenzie. Everyone who has travelled to Bruce knows the eating-room at Palmerston Junction, from which point trains start in all directions. Sir Wilfrid went in and sat down at a table with the rest of the hungry herd of passengers to eat his supper. To his misfortune, the executive of the local Liberal Association heard that he was passing through, and they came down to watch him eat, and tender their respects and advice.

Sir Wilfrid asked them to sit down with him, and then one truculent Liberal proceeded to interrogate him about his South African policy. With a score of passengers neglecting their food, and straining their ears to catch what might chance to fall from his lips, with the dining-room girls, prinked up, simpering across the lunch counter, and with the bartender neglecting the thirsty to get a look at him, the Prime Minister was asked to unobson himself on as momentous a question of policy as a Canadian statesman was ever confronted with. Moreover, the questioner wanted to know: "What are you going to do about Tarte?" supplemented with the information: "We don't think much of that feller up round here."

Sir Wilfrid's private secretary, who was dining at another table with the reporters, was simply beside himself with suppressed indignation, and the opinions he privately expressed of the manners and customs of this particular breed of Ontario politician would not have made good campaign literature.

Sir Wilfrid, though he was probably raging inwardly, outwardly maintained a smiling affability in parrying questions about a problem that was, no doubt, troubling him greatly. Moreover, it is probable, that what to do about Tarte was something that was puzzling him also. But to hear him blandly saying: "Ah! you do not understand Mr. Tarte; he is a fine fellow; you should know him better," anyone would have thought that he was delighted to have his truculent supporter probe him on the point. Nevertheless, there were perceptible signs of relief in his bearing when the cry of "all aboard" resounded from the platform.

ANOTHER LAURIER STORY.

ON one occasion, at least, during the Royal tour of the Heir Apparent in 1901, Sir Wilfrid was obliged to turn down over-zealous admirers who sought to make his progress across Canada in the entourage of the Prince of Wales a sort of joint affair.

The Royal train ran in two sections. The first, which ran half an hour ahead of the second, carried detectives, correspondents, Sir Wilfrid, and the Rideau Hall party. Going down through Northern Muskoka, en route to Toronto, the first section stopped for half an hour at one point to take in water and to have the wheels tapped. The local Liberal Association was promptly on hand with an address in honor of Sir Wilfrid, placing him in a very awkward situation. It would have been a gross breach of etiquette for him, as a subsidiary personage in the vast machinery of the British Empire, to accept an address on a tour in honor of the Heir Apparent. At the risk of offending the delegation which had planned this foolish political display, he sent them about their business, informing them that he was merely a private individual on this tour, and that honors were reserved for the Prince.

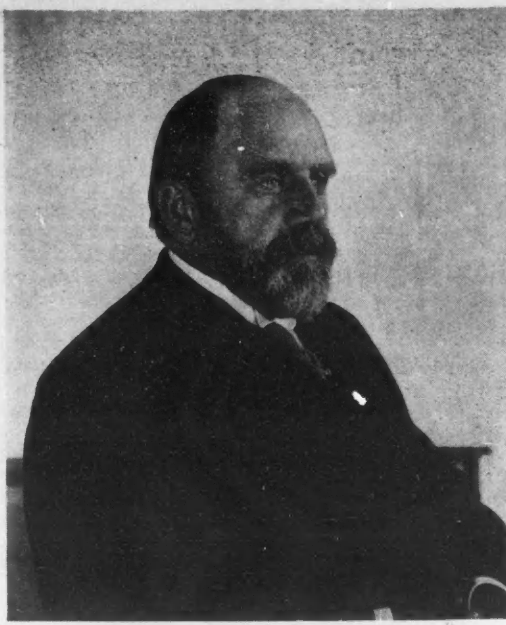
SIR WILFRID IN THE HOUSE.

THOSE who know Sir Wilfrid day by day in Parliament, regard him as a man with no more political feeling than mere enjoyment of the game. They size him



AN ORATOR IN ACTION.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier speaking at Niagara Falls Meeting.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF BRITISH ASSOCIATION
Professor Francis Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., M.B., is the new President of the British Association for the advancement of Science. Prof. Darwin is the third son of the famous Charles Darwin.

up as a man who takes the warfare of Parliament much as the inveterate cribbage player takes a game with an experienced opponent. He likes to win, and doesn't enjoy it much when his opponent piles up points against him. He is apt to get nettled when the latter grabs points out of his "crib," and is eager to do the same thing himself. But those who know best maintain that it is a thoroughly enjoyable game to him—one which he has played all his life long, and, of which, as do all card players also, he occasionally grows weary.

There is one pose (though this is hardly the correct word and is meant in no opprobrious sense) which he likes best of all, and that is the picture of himself as the moderate man, the mediator, the ameliator of differences, the fatherly adviser and counsellor of his countrymen. And in Parliament some of his opponents are particularly useful to him in supporting this position. Col. Sam Hughes gets up and says something violent. Sir Wilfrid's attitude is expressed in the phrase "Rest, Rest perturbed Spirit." Dr. Sproule, mildest mannered of men, makes his annual speech for the benefit of the Order. Sir Wilfrid, with a touch of sadness, counsels abstinence from creed differences. A French nationalist or two make violent racial speeches. Sir Wilfrid reminds them that he, too, is of their blood, and hopes that experience will give them a wider outlook. It looks well and sounds well; and even though the Tories may count it insincere, it is eminently judicious.

THE TORONTO LIBRARIANSHIP.

IT is stated in the daily press that the Public Library Board of Toronto has tendered to Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, the post of librarian, made vacant by the death of Dr. James Bain. The Toronto library is growing to be a great institution, and the necessity of placing it in competent hands is fully recognized by the board, and although it is understood that Dr. Colquhoun declined to be an applicant for the librarianship and is reluctant to relinquish his work in the Education Department, yet it is still hoped by members of the board that he will reconsider the matter and accept the post, which remains open to him until the end of the week at a salary which, The Globe says, will be \$4,000 per annum.

Dr. Colquhoun is a man of wide reading and intimate acquaintance with Canadian history. His personal qualities, also, are such that his choice for this post would be a most fortunate one.

NOT THAT KIND OF A DOCTOR.

WHEN Dr. Colquhoun, the Ontario Deputy Minister of Education, received his honorary degree of LL.D. from Queen's University, the subject was being discussed in one family circle in town, when a little girl evinced a deep interest.

"And is he now a doctor?" she asked.

On receiving an affirmative answer she exclaimed with decision: "Well, whenever I'm sick he is the doctor I want."

It was explained to her that he was not that kind of a doctor—that he was more like Dr. —, mentioning the name of a prominent clergyman.

"Well," said the little girl, after pondering this for a moment, "then I shall go and hear him preach."

HOW CARNEGIE CAUGHT WEST TORONTO.

THE new city of West Toronto recently found out by experience what a hard-headed business man that canny Scottish millionaire, Andrew Carnegie, is.

Andrew agreed to give West Toronto \$20,000 to build a new public library, on condition that the city spend one-tenth of that sum annually in maintaining it. West Toronto's city fathers accepted the terms and forwarded the millionaire a form of agreement binding the city to spend "not more" than \$2,000 per year in maintenance.

They were surprised when, at the next meeting of the City Council, Mayor Baird announced that Mr. Carnegie had returned the agreement with the request that its wording be amended to read that the city be bound to spend "not less" than \$2,000 per year. The Scot was too shrewd to let them fool him like that. And of course, the City Council capitulated.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

A CERTAIN city editor of a certain local newspaper was married early one morning last week, and the whole staff of the paper attended in automobiles, cheering and singing specially composed songs. This emphatic assurance of good will disconcerted the city editor somewhat, so that when he scurried with his newly appointed better half into the cushioned retreat inside the bridal carriage, he did not notice that there was something more than a ton or so of rice and confetti to acquaint the public of what had happened.

He did not notice that there was a placard on the back of the cab which referred in big lettering to the happy event in glowing terms from the pen of the editor of the poetry column. Nor did he notice that two stockings with shoes on and stuffed to obvious proportions, with white garters and all, hung dangling from the rear axle,

to say nothing of a bouquet of sunflowers from the editor of the joke page.

He did not discover these things, but the lady did. She was watching the pursuing autos from the little glass in the back of the cab, and noticed that there was something that was attracting the smiles of the people on the sidewalks.

The carriage stopped and hurried orders were given to the rather diminutive caddy, who jumped down and proceeded to untie the offending decorations. But, quick as a flash, there jumped from an auto, the dramatic editor and the yachting editor, and they swooped like hawks upon that diminutive caddy. They picked him up in their brawny arms and hoisted him on to his seat again.

He took the hint and the cab started again, the emblems of the unity of two souls still in their places.

FAST HORSES IN TORONTO.

A TORONTO man was in Montreal and while standing chatting on a corner, part of the fire brigade passed on its way to a blaze somewhere.

"That's odd!" exclaimed the Toronto man.

"What's odd?" asked the Montrealer.

"Why, in Toronto our firemen always let the horses walk returning from a fire."

"But they're not returning from a fire—they're going to a fire," exclaimed the Montrealer.

"Going to a fire!" The Toronto man gazed incredulously at the speaker. "Why, do you know," he said, "the horses in the Toronto fire brigade go faster than that when they're standing still."

THE MAYOR OF LETHBRIDGE.

THE Mayor of the city of Lethbridge, Alberta, is not Irish, but Scotch. His name is "Billy" Henderson. "Billy" was selected, in company with the contesting candidates for Dominion honors, to judge the Labor Day parade (Sept. 7) with a view to awarding a prize for the best trade float. In justice to "Billy" it ought to be stated that he is (using his own words) "no public speaker."

Well, he was called upon to announce the judgment. He said:

"We have given the first prize to the printer's float and as there is no second prize, why—the SECOND prize goes to the brewers."

This was "Billy's" way of saying, if there had been a second prize, why, the brewer's would have copped it.

WHEN THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.

DURING the Exhibition in Toronto, a certain Presbyterian minister and his wife, from a staid Scotch settlement in Western Ontario, came to visit friends on Bloor street for the fortnight. The days were well filled with shopping and "exhibiting," but one evening—a Wednesday evening, too—there arose the question of where to go.

"We've been to an organ recital, an illustrated lecture and a talk on China," said the hostess thoughtfully. "See here!" she ejaculated, lowering her voice significantly, "let's go to Shea's—there's no harm in it—and when you're going back to that dead-and-alive place for the rest of the year, I think you need a little diversion."

"But what would I say to John?" said the minister's wife, after a few half-hearted protests.

"John—bless me—I don't know," said Mrs. A—. "I believe he's taken my husband to prayer-meeting. We'll go, anyway." The women had been chums at boarding-school, and the prospect of Shea's seemed like an old-time escapade. Therefore, to Shea's they went, and were enjoying the fourth number on the programme when Mrs. A— frantically clutched her guest's arm.

"Will you look at those two men—there? It's your John and my Henry—and I believe your husband is wearing one of Henry's coats."

Just at this moment the smiling husbands caught sight of the two women and bowed their heads in confusion. The rest of that programme was as a painful dream to John, who had been a firm disciplinarian, and had more than once expressed disapproval of certain frivolous tastes displayed by his wife. And it was all in vain afterwards for John to assert quaveringly that he thought a minister should see those things in order to be able to warn others.

OLD FAMILIES OF ESSEX.

IN the riding of South Essex, Ontario, a citizen named Darius Wigle is the Conservative candidate for the Federal seat. Last week Mr. Wigle gave reasons for the political faith that is in him, and incidentally mentioned that he possesses a farm of 650 acres. It would be strange, indeed, if a Wigle were not the owner of many Essex acres, for that country of peaches and tomatoes once virtually belonged to the Wigle connection. Next to the Wigle family comes that of Scratch, and an alliance of a Scratch and a Wigle—rather an odd conjunction of names—meant that the whole country came to the wedding. It is related that a minister who was departing from an Essex parsonage wrote to his successor in these terms:

"You will find an interesting field here and I hope you will be greatly blessed. Old Scratch called this morning and said he would be happy to entertain your family until the parsonage is ready." The "new" man was somewhat scandalized until he discovered that the character so referred to was the richest member in the congregation, with such vineyards as are hardly seen in Ontario, outside of Essex and Lincoln.

THE IRISH OF IT.

THE Minister of Agriculture for the fair Province of Alberta is Irish. It is hardly necessary to label him after reading the following:

This son of Erin was down at Magrath, in the South-western corner of the province, where he was addressing the farmers. In the course of his remarks, he urged upon them the necessity of following a line of "mixed farming," and told them not to try and "carry all their eggs in one basket." Then came a display of the Emerald in these words:

"We must always look FORWARD for something to fall BACK on."

In the absence of a mirror it would appear rather paradoxical.

THE THRILLER

By
A
SHERWOOD
HART



THEY'VE got a nerve to call this thing a show; It makes my head feel bad, it's so blame slow. They don't do nothin' but stand 'round an' talk; The one las' week could beat it in a walk. Why so far there aint been a single shot; To call this melodrama makes me hot. It aint the right sort from the very start, They give the hero such a talky part.

Instead of standin' speechin' by the hour The heroine should hand him out a flower Till when the villain, wantin' her, comes in; He, seein' Jim kiss her, gets mad as sin. Then he goes out an' tells the hero's boss Some lie or n'other, then he runs across The lady villain, an' when he does that The hero better watch where he is at.

The villain oughter be a big dark man That needs some money; them two fix a plan. She wants to help to give his man the knife For tellin' someone of her crooked life. He oughter growl out "Ha, we'll stop his tongue!" Then them two, plottin', disappears among The crowd, but then you somehow got a hunch The hero's friend is listenin' in that bunch.

Jim's boss, the uncle of the heroine, Should sit down at his desk, an' drop a line Askin' the hero what's this yarn he hears, An' Mabel should come in, a-weepin' tears. She says she'll trust in Jim through thick an' thin, But uncle says he doesn't care a pin, 'Cause he has proofs that Jim aint playin' straight, An' Jim comes bouncin' in there as they wait.

He says, "Sir, I am innocent of wrong; I hope that I can prove it ere too long!" An' uncle says, "My boy, why do you lie?" Then Jim he uppercuts at uncle's eye, An' uncle rushes out into the hall; The porter comes an' asks him "Did you call?" An' Jim goes out as mad as he can be While poor Mab stands there sobbin' bitterly.



"Sir, I am innocent!"

Then uncle, lef' alone, turns down the light An' sits there thinkin' was he wrong or right, Till he hears someone workin' at his vault; He grasps a pistol, an' he calls out "Halt!" The lights goes up, an' there the villain stands With tremblin' knees, the money in his hands— Then up creeps Mrs. Villain, points a gun At uncle—bang!—an', as he falls, they run.

Well, now, of course, suspicion points to Jim; The whole blame bunch they say it must be him. Exceptin' Mabel an' his trusty friend. Them two is Jimmy's bowers to the end. Mabel gets on the lady villain's track— "Twas you as done it, for your heart is black," She says: "I swear your word shall set him free," For which Mab's kidnapped an' shipped off to sea.

Say, this is where the plot gets good an' thick; An' things begin to happen mighty quick. Of course the nex' scene is a storm at sea In which the ship is wrecked—it's sure to be. Most all the crowd are on the sinkin' boat. Up rushes Mabel, holdin' out a note. Somehow or other she has got a gun An' while the storm howls she's been havin' fun.

She makes the ol' man's murderers confess. She's mighty glad to get that note, I guess. The villains rush the lifeboat at the last. But first they tie poor Mabel to the mast. There on the sinkin', slippery deck she stands, Askin' for mercy, ho'din' out her hands, But when they're gone, she says "I must die brave!" When Jim come swimmin' up on the next wave.

You see his trusty friend seen Jim should be With all that bad bunch in the storm at sea. So he changed places with Jim in the jail, An' Jim just climbed on board as she set sail. He chops away the mast, an' then he ties Himself an' Mabel to it—"If we dies, We dies together, dearest!" an' they jump Into the sea with all their clothes, ker-plump! Of course they're rescued by a fishin' boat, An' they hike back an' give the judge the note.

The judge reads it an' says, "My lad, you're free!" Then them two wicked people come to see Jim's finish, thinkin' he was still in jail. When they see Mabel there, gee! they turn pale. An' then, as both has got one cartridge more, They shoot themselves, an' fall dead on the floor, An' Jim an' Mab gets married right away— Gee, that is somethin' almost like a play! Toronto, September 16.

A Canadian Girl in London

"Cousin Cinderella"—By Mrs. Everard Cotes. A Story Possessing Much Interest for Canadian Readers.

THEY were dining at Lord Lippington's—that is to say all the leading characters in Mrs. Everard Cotes' new book "Cousin Cinderella (A Canadian Girl in London)" were dining there. Lord Lippington, thanks mostly to the energies of Lady Lippington, was on the eve of being appointed Governor-General of Canada, and naturally the heroine of the story and her brother Graham were among the guests invited for the occasion. A little attention paid to anyone from Canada at that time could not go amiss, in the opinion of the hostess. Among the guests was another Canadian who did not seem to know that the Lippingtons expected to be sent to Ottawa. He was a gentleman with a stubby white beard, newly elected to the Dominion Parliament from Alberta—his name was Short—Mr. Mackenzie Short—and soon he was heard at table disposing of the Governor-Generalship in his own way.

"What I ask," he said, "when I come over here—and business calls me pretty frequently—what I ask is, what does the Royal Family cost this country? What is the bill? There is one sure thing, you can never know where you are with it. They increase, Royalties do, like—well, I won't say what they increase like, but they do increase."

"For which we all thank God," said the Duchess. "I suppose there is a feeling of that sort—I suppose there is. But what I say is—why not make them do a little more for it?"

"My good sir, the King works like a navvy," said the Duchess.

"I daresay he does, ma'am—I am not in a position to deny it. And I may say that over with us the opinion is pretty general that Edward the Seventh is no slouch. But he's got a good many young relatives. They keep coming along, all ready to be photographed, every year; and they all, so to speak, board at home. Now, what I say is why not distribute these young relatives among what Edward calls his dominions over the seas? Why not find some sphere of remunerative employment for them, and at the same time give us something we can call our own?"

"I don't know what the Waleses would say," observed the Duchess thoughtfully.

"We could certainly cut and come again there," remarked Lord Lippington pleasantly.

"The trouble is, from our point of view," said Graham, "you're always cutting and never coming again. Isn't it, Mr. Short?"

"My young friend opposite—if I were at home I should say 'the honorable member opposite,'" said Mr. Short jocularly, "has hit the nail exactly, to mix my metaphor a little, where we feel it most. There's no sort of permanence about the immediate object, if you understand me, of our loyal affections. Suppose, now, instead of sending over a member of the aristocracy, whose time is all taken up trying not to be supercilious while he is putting in his five years, you gave us a king to keep?"

"I shouldn't have thought," said Lord Lippington, "that any fellow who was lucky enough to get the job would have much difficulty in finding the necessary modesty."

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Short confidentially, "personally nobody has any sort of fault to find with them. Personally they're all right and a bit more. What we have no sort of use for is the flunkies some of them bring over with them to run the show. I could tell you a story—"

"Then tell us," said the Duchess, "perhaps it will be good for us."

"Well, I won't name any names, and then perhaps I won't get into any trouble; and maybe it won't strike you as much of a story. But not so very long ago we had a Royal visit, and the mayors of the different towns—they're quite plain people as a rule, but they're the best we have for the purpose—presented the usual loyal addresses. There was one special mayor of one special town that was sort of special plain, very ordinary indeed, just a working man; and when it came to be his turn—well, you can imagine what he thought about it, and whether he didn't treat himself to a new suit—why, it was the day of his life. And, just before the ceremony, what should one of these Jack Dandies on the Staff do but suggest to this special mayor that he, being such a

specially plain man, should allow somebody more, as you might say, in society, to read the address! That's so—I happen to know about it."

"What an ass!" remarked Lord Lippington, "I suppose we may take it for granted that a thing like that doesn't happen often?"

"Oh, I daresay it doesn't!" said our friend from Alberta; "but it isn't hardly safe, under the present system, to take anything for granted. What I say is, give us a King to keep, and we'll know how to take care of him. And it seems to me if you can spare female members of the Royal Family to be Queens of Norway and Spain, you can spare a male member to be King of Canada. What do you say Mr. Trent?"

"Why, I say," said Graham, smiling, "that if monarchy isn't too old a tree to transplant, it would be an ideal arrangement."

"Then I give you a toast," said dear Lord Lippington. "The future King of Canada, coupled with the name of the nursery at Sandringham!"

"A branch of your Royal House to be grafted in to our Canadian maple!" cried the member from Alberta with enthusiasm and waved his glass.

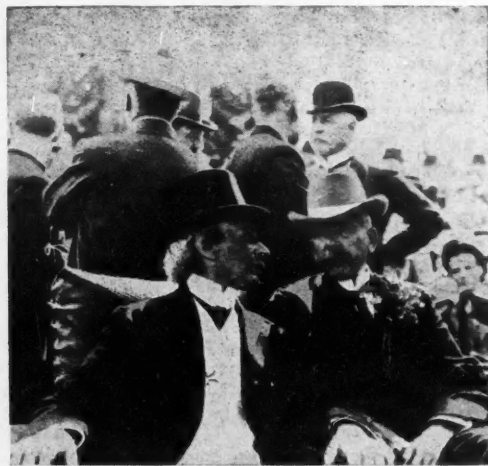
Mrs. Everard Cotes has written a very interesting book of which the above is merely a little side chapter. The book is not written to prove anything or to forward any cause. It is merely a most interesting story of the visit to England of the son and daughter of Senator Trent a wealthy and loyal Canadian lumberman—but a man more patriotic than loyal should it come to the pinch. The young people are excellent types, resentful of being called Americans, or regarded as foreigners in the parent country, and with a glowing admiration for that country's history and institutions, old buildings, furniture, pictures, families, but by no means willing to hear their own country disparaged. In fact the brother, Graham Trent, becomes so infatuated with Pavisay Court and its venerable treasures, that he becomes engaged to Lady Barbara Doleford, and buys in the family seat which is about to be sold. Then the match falls through, but fortunately Lord Doleford and the Canadian girl fell in love so that the Trent money did not go astray after all in buying the property.

Mary Trent describes her father, Senator Trent, as a man who had a finger in every sort of national pie. There was nothing he couldn't help to endow, from a Home for Dyspeptics in the grape country, to an independent newspaper in Toronto. He had become so rich that none of us liked, except quite privately, to mention money. He was one of the legislators of a country he couldn't say enough in praise of. He had small patience with Great Britain for not seeing the importance of Canada.

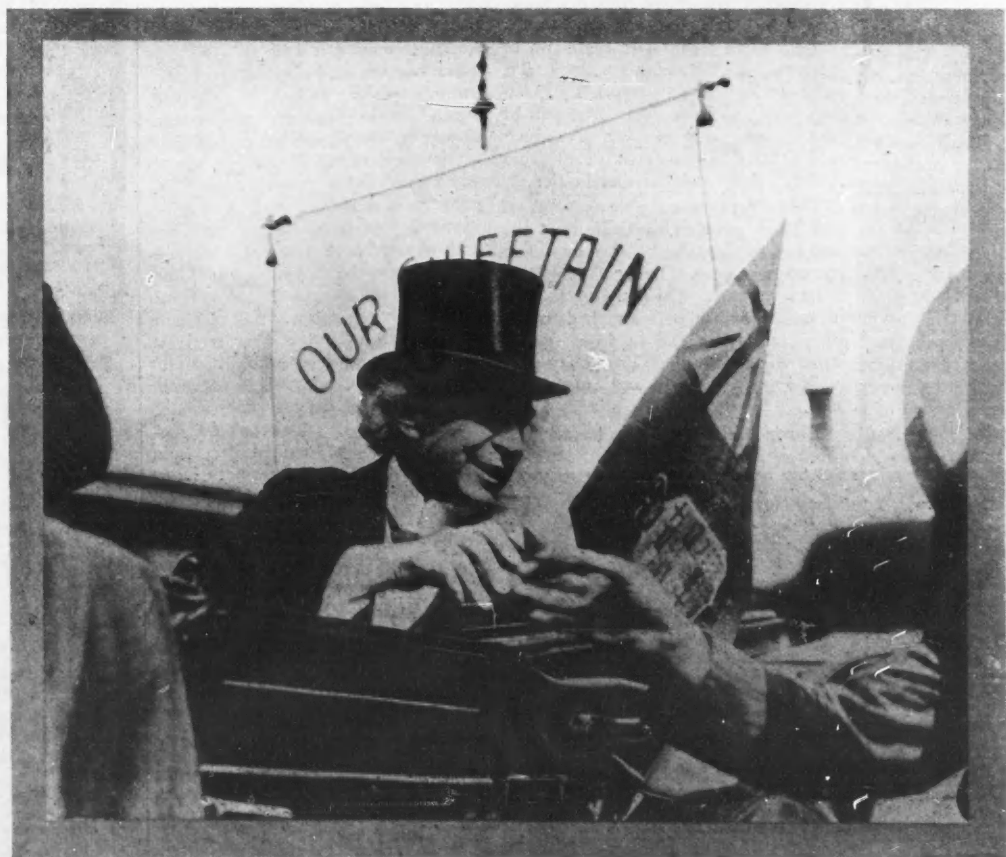
There is a sprightly American girl in the story, who gets rather the worst of it from the Duchess and others for being too fresh, but in the last chapter she scores by marrying old Lord Scansly, who stands between Lord Doleford and the Dukedom. But she is a bright talker. She says she loves the English climate when she can see through it, and she tells of hearing a sweet little rector in Wales preach a sermon against motoring on the ground that while the poor may often be in our way we have no right to destroy them.

Lady Barbara asked Graham Trent, who was a member of the Ottawa House, "Why do you say 'run' for Parliament?"

"Because," he said, "in our part of the world it's thought to be the quickest way of getting there. If we



SIR WILFRID CHATTING WITH HON. GEO. P. GRAHAM.



A FAIR SAMPLE OF SIR WILFRID'S SUNNY SMILE.

stood, as you do, we might, perhaps, be left standing." Lord Doleford was depressed on finding that his mother had taken up with the American girl, Evelyn Dicey. He knew he was expected to marry the girl to revive the family fortunes.

"She does seem to have awakened them up a bit," he admitted, but he spoke with gloom. "She's very American," he added.

"I think Americans like being very," I said, "and I don't believe they can help it."

"Well, yes—I suppose they couldn't be just rather," said Lord Doleford, "but it might be nicer of them somehow."

"You see it's so radical," I said.

The book is, for Canadians, one of the most interesting of the year, but somehow it does not strike one that it will have a large sale in the United States. It is published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, \$1.25.

Americans and the Roosevelt Habit.

LIFE, the famed New York humorous weekly, often makes some good serious points in a laughing way. For example:

We have got the Roosevelt habit just as people get the rum habit. He is the great American stimulant, and we have been taking him daily for seven years and hate to leave off. It is one of the most amusing scrapes we ever got into. Mr. Bryan has lately spoken at some length, first on the tariff; next on the trusts. His remarks have been printed freely and are at the service of persevering readers. Mr. Taft has spoken briefly of the merits of foreign missionaries, and more at length on the fallacies of the bank-depositors' protection idea, on the tariff and on other subjects. Mr. Roosevelt trailed up the back way to Herkimer County, New York, to dedicate a library in the rural wilds of Jordanville, and made a speech about the farmers and their life—a nice little, characteristic speech, which, being duly published in all the papers (usually with misleading headlines), was gulped down by thirsty readers like a drink of rum in a dry township.

How, oh how, shall we get over this baneful habit of loading up with the Roosevelt stimulant! The campaign is comically dull. Why? Because we have had so much "hard stuff," so much heady and enlivening effervescence, that discussion of the tariff and the trusts tastes flat to us.

The truth is that the great question of the year was settled, and settled right, when Taft got the Republican nomination. Whether he or Bryan is elected is important to be sure, but only in a secondary degree. When Roosevelt had succeeded in drawing away his intoxicating bowl from the people's lips the great crisis was passed, and what was left was not a campaign of excitement, but a process of sobering up. It is a great thing for us, this coming back to soft drinks and moderation; but the process is not so lively as it is wholesome.

A Diamond Deal.

THE recent Sievier case in London revived some incidents in the career of that dead celebrity "Barney" Barnato, amateur actor and diamond expert, against whom, smart although of course he was, the following yarn is told:

When the late Cecil Rhodes was at the head of the De Beers Company, at a time when they had for sale 220,000 carats of diamonds, he was approached (says Harper's Weekly, in retelling the story) by Barney Barnato with an offer for the lot in one parcel.

To this proposition Mr. Rhodes replied, "Yes, you shall have them for that on one condition."

"What condition?" asked the other.

"That you let me see a sight no human eye ever saw yet."

"What's that?" inquired the would-be purchaser.

"Why," said Mr. Rhodes, "a bucketful of diamonds in one heap."

"Done!" cried Barney, overjoyed to close the deal on his own terms.

So they emptied the De Beers diamonds into a bucket. Then came the turn of Mr. Rhodes, who practically had to himself the diamond market during six weeks, the time required for restoring the stones into their 160 classifications.

A READER in Newmarket writes to say that we were wrong last week in publishing the rumor that the Government would get water for the canal to that town by having it drawn in carts from Lake Simcoe. He outlines another method which, however, seems to us laborious and not likely to yield sufficient water for use in navigation. But we must shut down on rumors on this point, and give the Government a free hand to work out the problem.

The Star, of Montreal, notes the existence of a unique newspaper in that city. It says: The Montreal Daily Star has an enterprising little rival of the same name published in this city, which is not generally known. This is the only Arabic newspaper in Canada, the Ash-Shehab, or The Star. The proprietor is Mr. M. N. Zarbatahy, of this city, who is also the editor; he hails from Damascus. The paper has a very fair circulation in the city, as there are no less than 3,000 Syrians and kindred tribesmen speaking Arabic in Montreal alone. It is published twice a week. Besides its local circulation, the paper has a large circulation in Canada generally, and in the United States.

His Grace the Duke of Argyll was (says Reynolds's Newspaper) addressing a select company in a London drawing-room on the present state of things in South Africa. "I look forward to the time," he said, "when the Englishman will marry the Boer girl and have an English wife as well." Respectable dowagers looked their surprise, and the men began to smile. Then the duke carefully explained that he meant, of course, that the Boer girl should become an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes.

There is a surprise awaiting the readers of this month's English Illustrated Magazine when it arrives in Canada, says "Canada." One of the articles deals with the shape and peculiarities of various sorts of eggs, and is illustrated with photographs. One of them is a photograph of the egg of a gopher! Imagine the incredulous astonishment of the Canadian who has shot, trapped, or poisoned these little ground squirrels ever since he could toddle to be told that they lay eggs. Yet there is the photograph. In despair he will run to a dictionary or encyclopedia, and feel relieved while he adds to his knowledge of natural history. The other features of the magazine will be found of interest.

Louis Riel, only son of the famous rebel of that name, died recently in Winnipeg, aged 36. He was an engineer on the Grand Trunk Pacific.

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THE Hamilton Spectator makes this interesting comment on Bobby Kerr:

As the only Canadian to win a first in the many Olympic events, our "Bobby" Kerr not only has won imperishable renown for himself, but has brought honor to Canada and his home city. He is a fine example of young Canadian manhood. Ethnologically, he is of what some regard as the finest blend in existence, the Scotch-Irish—the race of a Horace Greeley, an A. T. Stewart, a William McKinley and a Lord Kelvin. As a Hamilton youth his life has been irreproachable. A member of the First Methodist church and of the Y.M.C.A., there has been nothing to mar his perfect physical development, and as a teetotaler he has been uniformly, at critical moments, in the best of form. As an athlete and as a young citizen Hamilton is proud of him. Like Sherring, at Athens, he has brought Hamilton into repute as a breeder of prodigies to the uttermost parts of the earth.

GRAND TRUNK ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS.

From Toronto to Port Huron and return, \$5.10; Detroit, \$6.60; Chicago, \$12.40; Bay City, \$7.50; Cleveland (via Buffalo and C. and B. steamers) \$6.35; Cleveland (via Detroit and D. and C. steamers), \$9.10; Grand Rapids, \$9.35; Sarnia, \$7.40. Good going Sept. 17, 18 and 19. Return limit Oct. 5, 1908. Proportionate rates from all stations in Ontario. Full information and tickets from any Grand Trunk agent.

Lady Gay's Column

"DO you think it will continue to draw an audience?" is the question everyone was asking as he or she came in collision with some other who had seen Forbes Robertson in his new play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The majority of the answers was negative or doubtful, and there was often warm talk over the matter. For the new play is likely to move men and women either to reverence or scorn and resentment, according as it touches them. It touches, that is allowed! People came from the theatre on first night, (or rather on second night, for we could not manage the "premier" after a dirty voyage from Guernsey to Paddington, and we know not how people came) with dim eyes and hushed voices, with hard laughter, with careful plunge into any discussion but that of the play they had just seen and heard! It was a mixed audience, strangers from Araby and Jews from Mesopotamia, so to speak, many of the latter, for they had one character-study in the play from their own people which might well give them pause for thought. When we bought our tickets, or rather clutched two which had just been returned, feeling the joy of getting what we wanted, which followed many refusals from regretful agents, the gentleman of urbane mien in the ticket office spoke almost reverently of Forbes Robertson and his new role. "No one in London could act it properly, voice, manner and appearance. It was made for him," said the polite man, emphatically. You have probably all heard the little story of the play. The sordid boarding-house, full of miserable, dashing, backbiting, preying men and women; the dishonesty which trickles through, from the most assuming boarder to the slattern slave, who is a "bad un" from top to toe; the intrigues, growing painfully distinct and revolting; the unhappiness and weariness which settles upon everyone. Then into the midst of such hopeless degradation comes the stranger, with faith, cheer, appreciation, kind consideration in and for poor human nature. One by one the sordid group rise to his expectations, the impure renounce their filth, the liars see truth and speak it, the covetous become generous, the vindictive loving, the wretched happy. It sounds like a Sunday school story, it makes one bow the head and press the hand on the heart to quiet some vague aching of yearning and regret as the stranger slowly passes out of the little world which he has influenced and inspired. Needless to say there is perfection of staging and detail; the plain worn boarding-house parlor is not relieved by one saying grace; the grim mistress only changes her expression, not her stiff studied walk or gesture. The sorry group are the same people, convincing in their sameness. As for the stranger, his beautiful voice, his exquisite personality, his bright glad smile, his touch always of reserve and mystery have made exploiters of the obvious declare him a representation of the Divine Master. It did not occur to me to suspect this idea until noisy protests against "blasphemy and profanity" came to my ears from a red-faced

British matron and an anemic curate she was bullying. The stranger was something far more near at home, one's divine self, so to speak, which asserting dominion drove the mean, weak, weary, mistaken people out of their gutters up the steps of their thrones, there to sit in happy kingship, realizing their rights and powers and enjoying them. Everyone had a theory, objection, quick word of enthusiastic appreciation, when the play was under discussion. It appeals to the emotions, it appeals to the head, it carries some searching truths, some cheering inspiration, and if one tried to pick it to bits, to criticize the acting, the setting, the length and breadth, one would feel rather as if one had undertaken to dissect the Sermon on the Mount. There was one note of wonder in it, that Jerome K. Jerome had written it. He calls it "an idle fancy." Perhaps he builded carelessly or better than he knew; at all events Forbes Robertson, Gertrude Elliott, and the rest of them have made of the idle fancy a thing living, and in all probability lasting for the good of the world.

Long Distance.

A MONOLOGUE.

HELLO! Hello! Speak louder, please.

Hello! Is that you, Nell?

Yes, this is Grace—speak louder, dear—

One simply has to yell.

What's that? How am I? Oh, just fine;

I called you up to-night

To tell you something that I really Couldn't wait to write.

Hello! you say you didn't catch Exactly what I said?

Well, goodness sakes, I'm screaming Loud enough to wake the dead.

You say my voice sounds clearer now?

All right. Now promise, Nell, You won't repeat this to a soul—I'd die if you would tell. . . .

Hello! Hello! Yes, yes, I'm here! Well, isn't this provoking! I think the central on this line Deserves a thorough poking.

You say she'll hear me? Horrid thing!

I don't care if she does.

I've not a doubt it's just for spite She makes this wire buzz.

What's that she said? "Time's up!"

And here

I haven't told what I

Rang up to tell! I'll write to-night— Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

—Blanch Goodman, in *The Smart Set*.

Too Much Salome.

WHY so much about Salome nowadays? Why any Salome at all? Who was Salome, that the American public in the year 1908, when there are really several important things to think about, should develop a sudden, general and intrusive interest in her personality, as interpreted by a hundred symbolic dancers? Is any answer possible to these questions? asks the New York Mail.

It is unnecessary, of course, to explain anything in the way of popular caprice, especially when the popular caprice is assisted by advertising. Yet there is a reason for everything—even for Salome. As an appeal to the public fancy, she is making good abundantly. How did she get her hold?

Chiefly because she is so completely a work of the imagination. She is supposed to be derived from a Bible story, and yet she is not once men-

tioned by name in the Bible—the Salome of the Scriptures being quite another and very different person. Like Faust, and the Wandering Jew, and Peter Rugg in New England, she has been built up piece by piece, as the centuries went past, by the restless human mind; and now that she is quite fully embodied at last, the human mind is as delighted with her as is a fond father with a pretty, wayward child of his own begetting. Nothing in life, nothing else in literature or in art, is so interesting as are these piece-meal products of the imagination of a thousand years.

She is bad, and that is a great element in her attraction. The alluring, decadent music of Strauss helped her to get her grip, and another powerful factor has been the interest in that new and strange thing, the interpretative and philosophical dancing of Isadore Duncan, which every Salome dancer tries to imitate, in some small way at least.

So, with one thing and another, here is Salome, full-fledged—or unfledged, as the case may be. Is she baleful? Doubtless. There is in the world a kind of wholesome, natural, badness, and there is an unwholesome, morbid badness. Salome is in the unwholesome class. Yet we doubt if it renders her any the less baleful to insist that she shall wear shoes and stockings and at least two petticoats, as the acting-Mayor of Asbury Park has decreed. Sometimes, when one considers what an engine of destruction the petticoat has been in the moral history of the world, one almost regards it as an assistant in the propagation of wickedness, not as a deterrent.

And Salome must dance her course. The surest way of getting rid of her is to make people sick of her. There are some signs that they are beginning to get so.

The Governing Body of Upper Canada College at their last meeting decided to spend \$8,000 on additional equipment in the buildings to make every department as perfect as possible. About \$3,000 will be spent on a complete set of dressing-rooms, provided with the latest improvements in shower baths, in the northwest wing of the main building. In connection with this the indoor gymnasium in the second floor of that wing will be re-established and provided with a gallery running round the whole room and equipped with up-to-date apparatus. Two new classrooms will be built opposite the present classrooms A and B. Plans for these improvements were presented and approved at the meeting, and work will commence immediately. In the preparatory school an additional classroom is to be added, together with extra house accommodation. This will be added to the southwest corner of the building, and the improvements will include a new wall court built against the outside wall. The new cricket and football field, which has just been graded, on the west side of the college, adjoining the Warren cricket field, of the preparatory school, presented last year by Mr. H. D. Warren, has also been completed and will be in use this season.

Long haired Persian cats may be classified as blacks, blues, whites, silvers, oranges, cream or fawn, tortoise shell, tortoise shell and white, brown tabbies, any other color.

The silvers are subdivided into minor classes as follows: chinchillas, shaded silvers, silver tabbies, masked silvers, smokes.

The coat of the long haired Persian cat should be long and thick, its texture fine and soft. There should be tufts of hair projecting from the inside of the ears, also around the jaws.

There should be a frill of long hair around the throat, extending back to the shoulders and down the chest to where the front legs join the body. There should be tufts of hair growing upward from between the toes.

The head should be massive but round, with great width of skull between the ears, says Country Life in America; the ears should be small and set low. From the forehead to the nose and line should be slightly concave, the nose itself being short.

The back should be broad and level, but not too short, legs short, paws round, brush or tail of medium length, wide and carried low. The eyes should be large, round, luminous and set level. The expression of the face, taken as a whole, should be gentle and sweet. The general appearance of the animal should be cobby and its movements easy and graceful.

In disposition the Persian cat is naturally inclined to be loving and gentle, but as they are very high strung it is an easy matter to spoil their dispositions entirely by rough or unkind treatment.

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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.55 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, \$1.50 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckabuck Towels, \$1.22 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, \$8.52 per half-doz. (To measure 48c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half-doz.

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camp out on islands, in the forests, and always somewhere near the water, for everybody swims and bathes. Almost all classes sleep and eat al fresco at this time of year, and the town councils in the towns of this progressive and altogether delightful little country provide public fire places and public bathing sheds in all places where the working classes go in search of fresh air.

But the simple life is by no means dull with the frisky Finns. They combine it with a surprising amount of gaiety. They eat, drink and are very merry in their picturesque little log cabins outside the cities.

When they are tired of bathing and splashing they dance, they sing, they watch fireworks and practise gymnastics; they all become like children and are the very happiest, merriest most good natured, most easily pleased and most healthy holiday makers in the world. We might take many leaves from the Finns' book.—Ladies' Pictorial.

"Here is my seat, madame, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am." "Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Life is merely a dash between two periods.—Life.



Mistress (to new gardener)—"I thought you told me you were a staunch teetotaler!"

Gardener—"Not staunch, mum—not staunch!"

Punch.



SIR GILBERT PARKER'S dramatic stories, "Pierre and his People," are to be seen on the stage here next week. The stage version of the stories has been done by Mr. Edgar Selwyn, and entitled, "Pierre of the Plains." Mr. Selwyn will himself be seen in the title role, under the direction of Henry B. Harris, at the Princess Theatre, the engagement commencing on Monday evening. Mr. Selwyn, who has gained a wide reputation for the excellence of his many characterizations, is perhaps best remembered in Toronto for his performance of Tony in "Arizona."

The story of the play is as follows: Val Galbraith, son of Peter Galbraith, owner of a road-house in Canada, near the Montana border, has killed an Indian. Orders are given to Sergeant Tom Redding to go to Fort Desire, the Canadian mounted police post, and deliver the papers, which are an order for the arrest of Galbraith, Pierre, a half-breed and a gambler, as well known to the police as to the road-houses he frequents, is in hearing distance when the order is given for Galbraith's arrest. Pierre is interested in the sister of Val, and he has earlier in life been done a favor by the latter. He mounts a fast horse and rides to Peter Galbraith's place. Pierre is not a welcome guest at the road-house, being accused of questionable business in reference to cards. The matter is smoothed for him, however, by Father Coraine. The elder Galbraith is finally informed by Pierre that his son is to be arrested, and Pierre advises that he get him out of the way. Together they concoct a plan to detain the soldier at the road-house, when he arrives there en route to the post. Jen has a very strong liking for Sergeant Tom Redding, and, following a love scene between them, Redding falls asleep under the influence of a drug, left in a coffee cup by her father, but not before he has told Jen that he must ride to Fort Desire to deliver the papers that night. She is not aware that the papers are an order for the arrest of her brother, Val; neither is she aware of the fact that her father wishes to detain the sergeant, and has succeeded through the drug in the coffee, which she has served to her sweetheart. Unable to rouse him from his sleep, she takes his coat, hat and the papers, mounts his horse and rides to Fort Desire to deliver the message that will convict her own brother of murder. Val is overtaken by the police and brought back. He is to say good-bye to his people and then go to his incarceration, but Pierre, in his love for the girl and her brother, outwits them all by frustrating their plans, which allows Val to escape into the United States. In his attempt, however, Pierre is caught by an old enemy, a complication which leads up to many novel and interesting situations.

Mr. Harris is said to have given the play one of his artistic productions, and has surrounded his star with a cast of players including Miss Elsie Ferguson, Miss Grace Howard, Mr. Joseph Adelman, Mr. Scott Siggins, Mr. Harrison Armstrong, Mr. Richard Sterling, Mr. George Schaeffer, Mr. Paul Dicky, Mr. Clifford Stork, Mr. Walter Craven and Mr. Fred Turner.

"The Circus Girl" will open at the Royal Alexandra Saturday matinee. It was the intention of the Imperial Opera Company's management to produce this piece last week, but owing to the popularity the company gained in the production of "Florodora," they were induced to keep that celebrated musical comedy on during the past week.

"The Circus Girl" gained a notoriety in London seldom attained by any musical comedy, and as it is a rather radical departure from most other offerings of this sort, "The Circus Girl" has been staged upon but few occasions by stock companies as it is so full of rapid action that but few stage directors have the courage to attempt it. It requires the concerted action of a thoroughly drilled organization and an exceptionally capable stage director. The Imperial Opera Company have no temerity in producing "The Circus Girl," as they have ample resources for producing the piece, and the management states it is confident the

patrons of the Royal Alexandra will receive as good a production of the piece as was originally offered in London.

With the Imperials are six principals who appeared in the New York production of Augustin Daly. These are Mr. Hallen Mostyn, Miss Laura Butler, Mr. George LeSoir, Joseph Cauto, Mr. William Rothacker and Miss Helen Ormonde. Others in the cast will be Harry Girard, Clarence Harvey, Violet Colby, W. H. Pringle, Carrie Renolds, Elvia Crox and G. M. Graham.

In producing "The Circus Girl" the Imperial Opera Company has taken great pains to maintain the same degree of excellence which has marked



EDGAR SELWYN.
As Pierre, in "Pierre of the Plains," coming to the Princess next week.

ed their productions of "Robin Hood" and "Florodora," and it is safe to assume it will meet with the favor of the Royal Alexandra's patrons.

Next week Manager Shea is offering his patrons another big vaudeville bill, headed by Carter de Haven and Flora Parker in a singing and dancing specialty. The special features for the week are "That Quartette" and Julie Ring and company, presenting a clever comedy sketch, "The Wrong Room." Other acts on the bill are Billy Beard, Daisy Harcourt, the Picaro Trio. The kinetograph will present interesting new pictures.

The announcement comes that Charles Robinson and his "Night Owls" company comes to the Gayety Theatre next week, commencing Monday matinee. This, the most well known burlesque attraction, comes here with a brand new scenic equipment and with twenty beautiful chorus girls handsomely gowned with costumes that are (so we are assured) the acme of richness and brilliancy of color schemes. Every Friday is amateur night at the Gayety and matinees are given daily.

Somebody who belongs to the stock company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre last season has been talking about Toronto people in New York. The actor says that the theatre was rather short of stage "props," such as tables, chairs and that kind of thing. The New York World quotes him in regard to a particular instance:

"Why, when we closed with 'The Girl With the Green Eyes' we had to use a statue of Venus de Milo for the Apollo Belvedere," said the stage manager. "And that's a sin when you come to think that in the play Mrs. Perkins declares she'd rather have it than her own husband."

"Didn't the audience get onto the fake?" asked a sympathizing friend. "Not on your life," replied the stage manager, proudly. "We pinned a fig leaf on it and they never fell at all."

There will be a dual interest in the appearance at the Princess Theatre next week of Edgar Selwyn in "Pierre of the Plains." Not only is Mr. Selwyn appearing in a Canadian play, founded on Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and his People," but this young man, whose career in the theatrical world has been quite brilliant, is really a native of this city, having spent thirteen years of his life in Toronto. The Selwyns used to live on Yonge street, near Elm, and the father, Wm. Selwyn, was a well known clothier in the down-town district.

He died in 1892 and his death was followed six months later by that of his widow.

In the late nineties young Selwyn left Toronto and went to San Francisco, where he opened a cigar store, which was eventually patronized by many well known theatrical people. One of these, a man of some standing in the profession, induced Selwyn to go to New York and enter the theatrical world. This he did, and was first engaged in this particular line as an usher in the Herald Square Theatre, when the late Richard Mansfield owned that house.

Selwyn liked to imitate well known persons, and it was through an imitation of Mansfield's, as Baron Cheverial, that, perhaps, was the means of putting him on the stage. While Mansfield was interviewing his manager one morning, in the theatre, he noticed a small group of persons in a dark corner of the house, in the centre of which was young Selwyn, doing an impromptu imitation of the noted actor. Needless to say, Selwyn was immediately discharged, but, turning to Mansfield he said: "That's all right; I'm going on the stage, and I'll one day play the part as well as you do." He never, however, played Baron Cheverial, but he has done other things equally well. His "Tony in Arizona" was a striking piece of work, and, while last season was the first year that Mr. Selwyn appeared as a star, he justified in "Strongheart" his right to a leading position in the profession.

His present vehicle, "Pierre of the Plains," was written by himself, but he is also the author of fourteen other plays. Selwyn is also a director of the very successful brokerage firm of Selwyn & Co., of New York.

To thoroughly enjoy a play from the pen of Mr. George M. Cohan and given under the direction of that peculiarly cultivated gentleman, one must possess the broad, clear views of life entertained by that striking character of his, Kid Burns. He must realize that people who cannot express themselves fluently in any language but old-fashioned English are narrow-minded, lacking in true urbanity, and inclined towards meanness. Happily for Mr. Cohan there are among theatre-goers in the United States, and in Canada, too, a very large number who appreciate his point of view and his plays—in fact delight in them. "The Talk of New York," which is being produced at the Princess theatre this week has attracted large and most cordial audiences. As a matter of fact, the play is much better than anything else Cohaneseque that has come our way. Mr. Cohan is becoming something of a diplomat as well as the



ELSIE FERGUSON.
Leading woman for Edgar Selwyn, in "Pierre of the Plains."

prince of slang play writers. In "The Talk of New York" he has made concessions to dull persons outside of his own following, who grumble if they are not given something more than Bowery chatter when they go to the theatre to be entertained. Some very good voices have been admitted to the company, notably that of Mildred Elaine, who plays the part of Miss Palmer. The song she sings, with another member of the company, entitled "When We Are M-a-double-r-i-e-d," is an excellent song of its kind, and is very well done. The general verdict is, too, that all the songs are "hits." Our old friend, Victor Moore, as

Kid Burns, plays the role as nobody else could be expected to play it, not even the accomplished Mr. Cohan himself. With the Kid's own philosophy—for what's de good o' bein' stingy in this old world, with praise or nothin' else—I am prepared to say that the show is a fine one—simply great. If Mr. Cohan will write some more like it and send them to Toronto, played by Victor Moore and such a jolly good company as we have seen this week in "The Talk of New York," I'm hanged if I won't learn slang—de real wise Cohan talk—and wear Cohan clothes too, if I can!

Automobile Notes.

AUTOMOBILE pages in the daily newspapers, and the automobile magazines to an even greater extent, have recently given up large amounts of space to details of the course on Long Island for the Vanderbilt Cup Race of October 24. Nearly twelve miles of the new motor parkway will be available for this race. It will be fenced on both sides by heavy wire, and will be supplemented by additional roads already existing, until a course of approximately twenty-five miles will have been secured. These additional roads include portions of the Jericho Turnpike and the old Westbury, Fairview and Round-Swamp roads, as shown on the map herewith given. Formal application for the use of the supplementary roads has been favorably acted upon by the Board of Supervisors of Nassau county. The granting of this permission was contingent upon giving a bond for \$25,000, the same "not to be released until all the roads used had been restored to their normal state of repair." This condition has been acceded to by the petitioners. It is announced further that 1,200 uniformed and armed men will be furnished to guard the course, in addition to the deputies furnished by Nassau county. Two motor-cycles, fitted with speedometers, will be employed in assisting in the arrest and conviction of violators of speed limits.

It is expected that along the twelve miles of the motor parkway the majority of spectators will naturally congregate, but this road, says a writer in Motor Age, "will be guarded by a high fence on either side, absolutely cutting off the public from access to the course." Over this course it is expected that an average speed of seventy miles an hour can be secured. Indeed, it is probable that only "the speed limitations of the cars themselves will measure the rate of going."

The race will start, as usual, soon after daylight, and the grand stand, which is to be located on a portion of the new cement way, where the spectators are afforded the finest view of the cement course, will be reached directly by special trains on the Long Island Railroad. A branch of this road runs directly from Long Island City to Garden City, which is about four miles west of the beginning of the course. Although the regular trains do not run below Garden City at present, the tracks are in good repair as far as Bethpage, which is the eastern terminus of the parkway, and the railway company proposes to run side-tracks to the rear of the grand stand.

It may be possible for visitors to the race from a long distance to take a sleeping-car at Long Island City on the night preceding the race, and remain in it on the grand stand side-tracks until the racing-cars are called to the line at daylight. Never before have such complete arrangements been made for the accommodation of visitors to an automobile race. There will be twelve miles of elegant parking space, on either side of the cement way, under the control of the Cup Commission.

The foreign sales of French cars for the first half of the year 1908 show much smaller totals than were obtained for the corresponding period last year. French cars are sold in thirteen countries, outside of France. In eleven of these countries there has been a decline in sales, but in two an increase has occurred. England has been by far the most important customer of France, her purchases in 1907 having amounted to \$6,564,000. From these figures the decline this year is \$354,000—a loss which, however, is not considered great. It can be accounted for, says the Paris correspondent of The Automobile, "by the general financial depression." As a matter of fact, the account for 1908 is better than it was for 1906 and 1905. As for the other countries, including our own, the same correspondent writes: "During the first half of 1906 the trading account with the United States was more than doubled. Since then, however, there has been a steady decline, 1907 showing a drop of \$98,800, and 1908 a further de-

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crease of \$97,480, making a total fall over the period of two years of \$196,280. During the first half of 1905 the French automobile bill stood at \$558,600; the one for the current half-year totals \$991,400."

Smitty.

MY name is Smith, I'd have you know,
But no one calls me that;
A bit to embonpoint I grow—
The vulgar say I'm fat;
I have a smile and a hearty grip,
I'm always on the street,
My nickname hangs upon the lip
Of everyone I greet.

"Hello there, Smitty—how is Smitty?
Got a cold? Well, that's a pity;
Cheer up, Smitty!"
That's the ditty.
Through the city—
Every witty
Foolish it, he
Calls me Smitty—
Like that:
Smitty.

Where others draw the term, "old man,"
Or "John," or "Mike," or "Bill,"
Since this sad life of mine began
They've put me through the mill
With "Smitty" this and "Smitty" that
And "Smitty" so and so,
Until I question where I'm at—
Me, with a real name, Joe.

It's "Hi there, Smitty—good boy, Smitty."
Even Mame and Belle and Kitty
Hand me Smitty;
Kid me: "pretty
Precious itty—
Itty bitty
Snookums Smitty!"
Like that:
Smitty.

—New York Sun.

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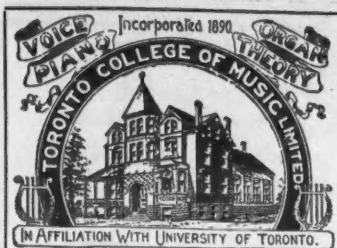
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THERE'S every probability of Dr. Wullner, the famous singer of German lieder, being heard in Toronto in the near future. His American manager, Mr. M. H. Hanson, has already informed me that negotiations are proceeding to that end. Dr. Wullner has won notable triumphs in London, Paris and St. Petersburg, and the critics of those cities credit him with a voice of remarkable power and charm and with interpretative powers that are wondrously illuminative.

The Imperial Opera Company have been doing admirable work in "Florodora," at the Royal Alexandra theatre, and the public have recognized the fact by crowding the house at every performance. Both orchestra and chorus have improved in refinement, and the former in the music of "Florodora" have required little or no coaching from the piano. This Saturday the Stuart opera will be replaced by "The Circus Girl," of which a specially fine production is promised.

Mr. Arthur Blakeley has been giving a series of organ recitals at Ocean Grove, N. J., and obtained most appreciative receptions. While there he renewed his old friendship with Mr. Edwin Lemare, and Musical America published a picture showing the two discussing ice cream.

John Towers, of St. Louis, has about completed his dictionary of operas and operettas, on which he has been engaged for fifteen years. It contains the titles of 27,000 operas and operettas and also the names of 6,000 composers. The work will be in three parts and is said to be a stupendous piece of labor.

Mr. R. S. Pigott is making gratifying progress in his reorganization of the choir of St. Thomas' church, Huron street.

Clara Butt, the English contralto, and her husband, Kennerly Rumford, are said to have netted \$255,000 by their recent six months tour in the Antipodes.

The subscription lists for the concerts of the Sheffield Musical Union opened at Massey Hall on Monday, and it is reported that the bookings have already been most encouraging, although the concerts will not take place till early in November.

In the carrying out of the original intention, the programme of the first concert to be given by the National Chorus will be made up entirely of the works of British composers. One of the principal purely orchestral works will be Elgar's First Symphony. The second concert, occurring on the day set apart for the celebration of the Mendelssohn centenary, will include at least one of this great masters vocal works, and the New York Symphony Orchestra will play a movement from the Italian Symphony.

The Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra have begun work for the season. The first rehearsal of the orchestra was held on Saturday evening last and several new string players were enrolled as members. On Tuesday evening the first rehearsal of the chorus was held at the Toronto College of Music, and the way the chorus went through the work shows that they are determined to make this season the best on record. Many new members were registered, and the chorus will be excellent in every particular. This season a festival performance of Handel's "Messiah" and Gounod's "Redemption" will be given, and those who purpose joining should do so at once by applying to J. F. Tilley, 14 Pembroke street.

It has often been pointed out that the greatest difficulty with American aspirants to stage honors is that most of them want to begin at the top of the ladder. If allowed to do so they usually descend, whereas if they had begun at the lowest rung they might have ascended gradually to the top and remained there. In England the same difficulty seems to exist. At any rate, Truth complains that the operatic managers find it hard to secure native singers of the right sort. "Many present themselves who are possessed of splendid voices, and who might do excellently if properly trained. One and all, however, lack the requisite experience. At the

same time, they nearly always have far too good an opinion of themselves to condescend to go into the chorus and learn their business. Instead, they wish to appear as principals forthwith, at handsome salaries, and as this arrangement is not one to commend itself to a prudent management, the matter generally ends by their going off in a huff. This, therefore, is the explanation of the fact that the leading artists in our English opera companies are more often than not foreigners. It is not that the latter have better voices, but simply that they know their work, whereas those who might take their places do not, and are too conceited to learn."

Plans for the fifty-first annual festival of the Worcester, Mass., Musical Association, in Mechanics Hall, September 28 to October 2, are completed. The choral works to be presented are Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah," and Sir Edward Elgar's dramatic cantata "Caractacus." This is the first time the latter work has been given in Worcester, and, with the exception of Albany and Orange, N. J., the only times it has been given in the East. Artists engaged are: Soprano, Mme. Jeanne Jonelli; mezzo-soprano, Miss Lilla Ormond; contralto, Mme. Louise Homer; tenors, George Hamilton and Daniel Beddoe; baritones, Emilio de Gorgoza and Reinald Warrenth; bass, Frederic Martin; pianist, Miss Augusta Cottlow; violinist, Miss May Mukle. Franz Kneisel will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of sixty members, and Dr. Arthur Mees will conduct the choral works.

The Schubert Choir resumed rehearsals on Tuesday last. Mr. Fletcher has reorganized the chorus during the summer and it is now one of the finest choral bodies in America. The choral work to be performed will embrace a number of important novelties and standard works by the great masters, classic and modern, which will have their first production in Canada. The first night's programme, Monday, Feb. 22, will include Wagner's great work, "The Kaiser March," for chorus, organ and orchestra; "King Thamos," Mozart, for chorus, soloists and orchestra, and "Battle Hymn," from Rienzi, Wagner, for male chorus and orchestra. The *a cappella* numbers will be "Night Song," Meyer; "Lentzied," Kahn; "Turn Amarillis to thy Swain," Kearton; "Weary Wind of the West," Elgar; "Wiegenlied," Brahms; "Come, Dorothy, Come," Volkslied; "Jubilate Amen," Jacobson; "The Berkshire Tragedy," and "King Arthur," Reginald Boughton. The second night's programme will be made up entirely of Schubert's music and will include his wonderful Mass in C major, which is to be performed in Vienna in October; "God in the Thunderstorm," "Three Vocal Dances," "The Chorus of Angels," from Faust; "Longing," for male voices, and three choruses from the opera Rosamunde. The numbers to be given by the Pittsburgh Orchestra will be announced later.

The Berlin correspondent of the Musical Courier estimates that about 5,000 Americans go abroad annually to study in the various musical centres. Half of the 3,500 Americans living in Berlin are music students. Most of these are "too much in a hurry." They want to accomplish in two years what European students never expect to accomplish in six years.

Miss Olive Scholey has resigned her position as contralto soloist of Broadway Tabernacle to accept a similar position with the Carlton street Methodist church. Miss Scholey is a graduate and gold medalist of the Toronto College of Music.

Miss Madeline Carter returned home on Tuesday morning from England, where she continued her vocal studies all summer, also singing in concert in London and elsewhere with success. She will next week re-open her studio at the Conservatory of Music.

For a manager of a comic opera to interest himself in the welfare of college students is something new. Manager Lambert of the Imperial Opera Company has decided to appoint one student in each of the educational institutions of Toronto to act as agent for the advance sale of

the Royal Alexandra tickets among the boys. Feeling that the student attendance will be large he believes this course will materially help some struggling young man in gaining their education, the more so as he will only appoint those deserving the assistance.

Miss Marie C. Strong will introduce, in a song recital, early in October, her advanced and intellectual pupil, Mr. Barnaby Nelson, who has already received many encouraging and flattering encomiums on his excellent singing from leading local musicians and also from Mr. Hewitt, the distinguished organist of the Centenary church, Hamilton, where Mr. Nelson recently sang at the Sunday evening service. Mr. Nelson possesses a tenor voice of exceptionally rich robust quality.

The Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, has begun its 15th season of operations, and, we are informed, an exceptionally large registration of pupils is being made. Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the director of the musical departments, is reserving time on Wednesdays and Saturdays for those desirous of consulting him regarding study in the institution, and appointments to that end can be effected through the secretary (from whom also can be obtained a copy of the new season's prospectus). The elocutionary, dramatic and physical culture department of the Metropolitan promises special enlargement and activity this season, under Miss Theodora Jackes' most capable direction.

Miss H. Ethel Shepherd will re-open her studio in the Conservatory of Music on or about the 21st of September. The exact date will be announced later.

Miss Marie C. Strong is now in her new studio, Nordheimer Building, 15 King street east, where she has resumed her classes in vocal culture.

Mrs. Alfred Jury, of Buffalo, will resume vocal teaching at her studio, (Bell Piano Co.) 146 Yonge street, next Wednesday, 23rd September, and every Wednesday of each week following.

In Prospect.

RETURNING home at close of day,
Who quietly chides my long delay?
Who greets me in a cheerful way?
Nobody!

Who caters to my every care?
Who makes me take the easy chair?
Who puts my cosy slippers there?
Nobody!

Who has my dinner steaming hot?
Who for my welfare cares a jot?
Who heeds if I am sick or not?
Nobody!

But who will presently do this?
Who's going to give me every bliss?
Who—must you know?—well, it is
Miss
Somebody!

—Harper's Weekly.



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A Boston child, not yet in her teens, and unusually precocious, with exceptional penetration asked her mother the other day: "How long, mother, will it be before I get old enough for you to say that I am nervous and not naughty when I do so and so?"—Boston Herald.

Political rainbows need the proverbial bag of gold at each end.—Atlanta Constitution.

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ANEC DOTAL

A TOURIST in Brittany came to Quimper, and he found in the place beside the river an old woman selling trinkets.

"What is the price of this?" he asked, taking up an antique ring of silver and sapphires.

"Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" said the old woman.

"For my sweetheart."

"Fifty francs."

"Fifty francs! Nonsense!" And the tourist turned angrily away.

"Come back," said the old woman. "Take it for ten. You've been lying to me, though; you have no sweetheart. Had the ring been for her, you'd have bought it at once without regard to its price."

"I will take it," said the tourist, smiling. "Here are the ten francs." So the old woman wrapped the ring up. "But you haven't a wife, either," she grumbled. "If it had been for her, you'd have beaten me down to five francs. Oh, you men!"

DURING the money stringency lately, a certain real estate man having nothing else for his clerk to do, sent him out to collect some rent that was overdue.

The clerk, being of Swedish nationality, had their peculiar twang in his speech.

Returning from his trip, the Swede seemed very jubilant.

The proprietor, noticing his smile, said: "Well, what luck did you have?"

and the clerk answered, "Purty good."

"Well, did anybody pay you?"

"Yaas, Smith he pay, and Yones he say he pay in January."

"Are you sure Jones said he would pay in January? He never before has made any such promises."

"Vell, I tank so. He say it bane a dam col' day when you get dat money, and I tank dat bane in January."

A YOUNG lady whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles.

Said the eligible "parti": "I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately I would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and settling the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" cried the imperious beauty.

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"

LITTLE Dick, the village "bad boy," was wading through a shallow swamp catching frogs with a small landing-net. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady who was out for a walk happened along.

"Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's very cruel to catch those poor little froggies?"

Dick straightened up and looked at her. She wore a gorgeous "creation" on her head, and something in its trimmings attracted his attention. "I want 'em to wear on my hat," he said.

DISTRESSED at his son's refusal to enter the ministry and his preference for dealing in horses, a worthy farmer in the English Midlands was telling his sorrow to a neighbor.

"Oh!" said the latter, "don't take it too much to heart. I believe Tom will lead more men to repentance as a horse dealer than ever he would as a minister."

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Harry was spending the day with his aunt. Dinner was late, and the child began to grow restless.

"Auntie," he said, finally, "does God know everything?"

"Yes, dear," answered his aunt.

"Every little thing?" he persisted.

"Yes, every little thing," was the reply.

"Well, then," he said in a tone of conviction, "God knows I'm hungry."

THE coming presentation of "The Circus Girl," in one of the Toronto theatres, recalls the famous cross-examination of Mr. Gilbert, of the great firm of Gilbert and Sullivan, when he prosecuted an English newspaper for libel, in its criticism of one of his productions. The defense undertook to show that its criticisms were not in the nature of libel, and did not go beyond common usage in such cases.

In support of this contention Mr. Gilbert was cross-examined by counsel for the defense.

"Now, Mr. Gilbert, did you not yourself say on one occasion that The Circus Girl was a bad musical comedy?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Gilbert, emphatically, "I never said so."

"Now, Mr. Gilbert, reflect," cautioned counsel, insinuatingly, "did you not on one particular occasion say that The Circus Girl was bad musical comedy?"

"I did not," retorted Gilbert. "I said it was bad. You say it is a musical comedy."

AFTER a certain jury had been out an inordinately long time on a very simple case, they filed into the court room, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman, in a rather irritated tone, spoke up and said: "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."

THEY sat each at an extreme end of the horseshair sofa. They had been courtin' now for something like two years, but the wide gap between them had always been respectfully preserved.

"A penny for your thochts, Sandy," murmured Maggie, after a silence of an hour and a half.

"Weel," replied Sandy slowly, with surprising boldness, "tae tell ye the truth, I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissie."

"I've nae objection," simpered Maggie, slithering over, and kissed him plumply on the tip of his left ear. Then she slithered back.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock ticked twenty-seven minutes.

"An' what are ye thinkin' about noo—anither, eh?"

"Nae, nae, lassie: it's mair serious the noo."

"Is it, laddie?" asked Maggie softly. Her heart was going pit-a-pat with expectation. "An' what micht it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was aboot time ye were paying me that penny!"

THE following Yankee yarn is retold with the idea that some one may find it worth repeating in the course of the election campaign just upon us in this country.

Mayor Speer, of Denver, was talking, the other day, about a pair of political tricksters.

"They gave themselves away," he said. "Don't tricksters always give themselves away? It reminds me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for dissection."

"These two men, miserably clad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York."

"We are both on the verge of starvation, sir," the spokesman said. "We are well on in years and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting room?"

"The dean hesitated."

"It is an odd proposition," he muttered.

"But it is occasionally done," said the spokesman in an eager voice.

"Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?"

"Over in Philadelphia," said the spokesman, "they gave us \$40."

MR. EDISON was always of an inventive turn of mind, and the story of his first "invention" has often been the cause of amusement among his numerous friends. One day, when he was a small boy of five his parents missed him, and a lengthy search failed to reveal his whereabouts. At last his elder sister discovered him in the fowl house, where, he said, he intended to remain for the next three weeks. His clothes were in a terrible condition, being smothered with crushed eggs.

"What are you doing, Tom?" asked his sister in alarm.

"Well, I thought if the hens could hatch the eggs by sitting on them, so could I," replied the little genius, as he was led forth to be washed.

ONE afternoon not long ago a young woman stepped up to the telegraph counter in a local department store, and in a trembling voice asked for a supply of blanks.

She wrote a message on one blank, which she immediately tore in halves; then a second message was written out that was treated in the same way; finally, a third was accomplished, and this she handed to the operator with a feverish request that it be "rushed."

When the message had gone on the wire and the sender had departed the operator read the other two for her own amusement.

The first ran: "All at an end. Have no wish to see you again."

"Do not write or try to see me any more," was the tenor of the second message.

The third was to this effect: "Come at once. Take next train if possible. Answer."

"STRIKE one!" bawled the umpire.

"Strike two!"

Intense excitement prevailed.

A third time the batsman of the visiting team sawed the empty air.

"Striker out!" hoarsely cried the umpire.

Instantly a wildly enthusiastic cheer burst from 25,000 throats. Hats flew up in the air, women waved their handkerchiefs, madly excited men slapped one another on the back, megaphones roared, and general pandemonium prevailed.

"O, what a pity!" piped the lovely blonde in the grand stand. "He didn't get to hit it at all, did he?"

The masculine rooster who had paid seventy-five cents for the seat she occupied merely looked at her, but said nothing.

With only the English language in which to express himself he couldn't do anything else.

THE wealthy proprietor of a large commercial firm had noticed for some months the melancholy of his head clerk, a young man whom he held in high regard. The clerk's pallor and increasing leanness, his frequent sighs, and absent-mindedness worried the proprietor. He questioned the young man daily. And finally the clerk admitted to him that he was in love.

"Well," said the head, "marry her. Your salary is big enough."

"Ah," said the clerk, sadly, "you don't understand. Her father is a millionaire."

"Well, maybe he wasn't when he married. You have a good position and a good name. You are a fair match for any girl," said the other.

"It's no use," sighed the clerk. "Her parents would not listen to me for one moment."

"Then," said the head, "elope with her."

"Do you advise that?" the clerk asked, excitedly.

"Certainly I do. Is she—do I know her?"

"Yes. She will be at your dance to-morrow night."

"Well, look here," said the head; "I'll have my coachman out in front of my gate. Rush the girl off into town and marry her. I'll arrange everything for you."

"By Jove!" said the clerk. "I'll do it!"

And he did. The next night the millionaire found his daughter missing, and was telegraphing in every direction to the young couple to come home and all would be forgiven.

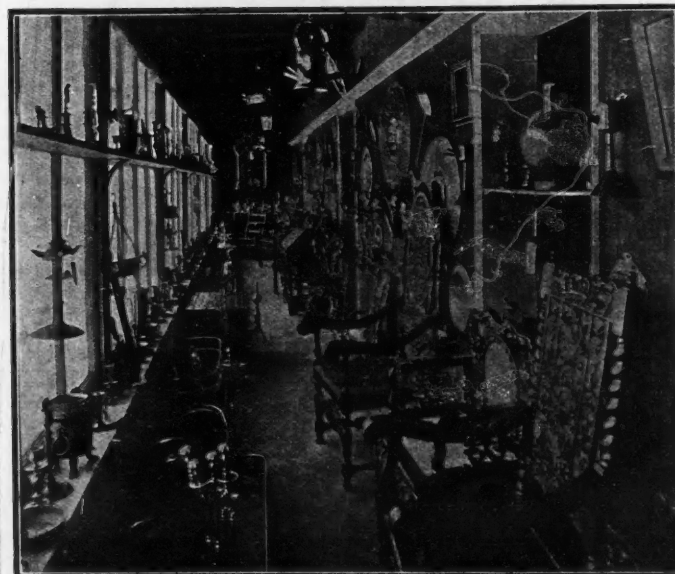
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE polo tournament, which closed on Monday with a spirited match between Buffalo and Toronto, has been attracting large numbers of society people to the Woodbine lately. The ground, which occupies the centre of the steeplechase course, is said to be the finest in America, and its surroundings, including a magnificent view of the lake, certainly make it ideal from a spectacular point of view. Perhaps the largest crowd of the season was present on Saturday afternoon, when a very fast game was played by the Buffalo and Montreal teams. At the close of the match there was a general exodus to the Hunt Club, where a number of jolly little dinners were given, the guests afterwards amalgamating for an informal dance. Mr. Alfred Beardmore, who gave one of the largest dinners, entertaining the polo players, one of whom, Captain McMillan, D.S.O., was being greeted on all sides by his many old Toronto friends, who expressed deep regret at the expiration of his leave on Wednesday. On Monday afternoon the benches were occupied by almost as large a crowd, which enjoyed the sensational riding displayed by Scateherd, the husky Buffalo boy, who seems to remain on his pony by balance alone while his legs wave wildly in the air. Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett Magann brought out a party in their car, and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas motored out with two or three friends; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald came in her husband's motor; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson drove out, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Waite and Miss Kropst, all of New York, the ladies all wearing very smart toilettes under their long dust cloaks; later Mr. and Mrs. Gibson entertained their guests at a little dinner at the Hunt Club. The Misses Mortimer Clark came out late, wearing pretty lingerie frocks and large hats, and many regrets were expressed that these charming hostesses will be missed this winter from Government House, where they have ably and graciously fulfilled their arduous duties. To-day the Woodbine will present an even more brilliant scene when the autumn meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club will be in full swing, and the boxes and members' enclosure will be thronged with pretty women in pretty frocks, a dazzling bevy, enough to distract the eye of even the most hardened horse fancier from the business of the day. The usual number of distinguished visitors are crowding the hotels for the race week. Sir Montague and Lady Allan arrived at the King Edward from Montreal yesterday, and are accompanied by their charming guest, the Marchioness of Donegal, who is always sure of a royal welcome in Toronto, where she has made so many friends in her all too brief visits.

The Argonauts' autumn regatta and at-home this afternoon attracted all the young people to the water front clubhouse, where they alternately rooted on the broad verandahs and devoured refreshments in the gymnasium until six o'clock, when the inevitable dance terminated the entertainment which is still going on.

The end-of-September weddings begin with a rush next week. On Monday the ball is set rolling by the marriage of Miss Edith Sweatman, the Archbishop's daughter, to Mr. Walton, in St. Alban's Cathedral. On Wednesday pretty Miss Katherine Mackenzie and Mr. Willie Beardmore will be married in St. Basil's. On Thursday Miss Evelyn (Tiny) Dickson will become the wife of Mr. George Alexander Woods at St. Paul's church. The following week Miss Mary Hagarty and Mr. B. Morton Jones will be married on Wednesday afternoon at St. George's church, John street, and on Saturday Miss Florence Bell will marry Mr. Charles Glover in St. Andrew's. Miss Errol Nordheimer and Mr. Edward Houston will be married about the fifteenth of October.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell have returned from a visit to Montreal.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Hudspeith, daughter of the late Mr. Adam Hudspeith, Q.C., M.P., of Lindsay, to Mr. Duncan Henry Chisholm of Port Hope.

The residence of Mrs. J. M. Roberts, Prince Arthur avenue, was the scene of a very interesting wedding on Monday afternoon, when Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, widow of the famous Labrador explorer, became the wife of Mr. Harold T. Ellis of Wrae Head, Seabury, Yorkshire, son of the Right Hon. John E. Ellis, M.P. The bride's brother-in-law, the Rev. G. W. McColl, of the Napanee Methodist church, performed the ceremony, and the bride and groom were unattended. The wedding gown was of pearl grey Liberty satin, made semi-Empire and trimmed with Flemish lace, the gift of Mr. Ellis' mother; the only ornament was a bracelet of Brazilian diamonds, a wedding present from the groom. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ellis left for New York, whence they sailed for England on Wednesday by the Lusitania.

The marriage took place at St. Andrew's church, Jarvis street, on Monday afternoon, of Miss Elizabeth McLeod Patton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Patton, and for seven years superintendent of Grace Hospital, to Dr. Charles John Currie, B.A. The church was decorated with quantities of asters, ferns and palms, and the Rev. Dr. Milligan performed the ceremony. Mr. W. Patton gave away his sister, who looked charming in a graceful wedding gown of crepe de chine, trimmed with blonde de Grenade lace French knots, her tulle veil was arranged over a coronet of orange blossom, and she carried a sheaf of white roses. The attendants were Mrs. Melville P. White, matron of honor, and Miss E. Patton and Miss Mabel Currie, bridesmaids; they were gowned in rainbow effect, Mrs. White in mauve with mauve flowers, and Miss Patton and Miss Currie in blue and pink, respectively, with flowers to match; they also wore pearl crescents, the gifts of Mr. Currie, who presented the bride with an amethyst and pearl brooch and gave pearl scarf pins to the best man, Mr. Horace Currie, and the ushers, Dr. Cameron Warren, Dr. Hardy and Dr. Cerswell. After the ceremony a reception was held at the nurses' residence on Huron street, where Mrs. Melville White received the guests at the entrance to the drawing room, which was profusely decorated with white flowers, palms and ferns. A marquee was erected on the lawn, where refreshments were served and the usual toasts and speeches given. Later Dr. and Mrs. Currie left for Muskoka, the bride travelling in a golden brown rajah tailor-made and a brown hat with gold and blue. The many beautiful wedding presents included a handsome cabinet of silver and an illuminated address, which the Hon. George Cox presented to the bride last Saturday evening on behalf of the Board of Governors; a case of

silver from the hospital staff, a brass jardiniere and palm from the house surgeons, silver fruit knives from the nursing staff and a kitchen shower from the nurses and employees of Grace Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock sail for Canada next Wednesday.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Lorna Gibbons, Lornehurst, London, Ontario, to Mr. George Harris, on the 3rd of October, at 3.45.

Mr. C. H. Rowland, B.A., Toronto University, has been appointed Modern Language Master at Upper Canada College. Mr. A. D. Pipe, formerly one of the masters of Rothesay College for Boys, Rothesay, N.B., has also joined the staff. Mr. Pipe received his training at Lincoln College, Oxford, was an honor man in Moderns and a specialist in English. He has had considerable experience in teaching both in Canada and England.

Mrs. Miriam W. Brown has just returned from a three months' trip in Europe.

The wedding took place on Saturday afternoon at Jarvis street Baptist church, of Mary Ethel, second daughter of Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., and Mrs. Thomson of Queen's Park, to Edwin George, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Long of Cecil street. The church was beautifully decorated with white chrysanthemums, asters and palms, and the ceremony was conducted by Rev. Dr. Perry. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore ivory chiffon satin with yoke of rose point lace. The long tulle veil was fastened in place by a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Winifred Thomson, sister of the bride, was gowned in pale blue marquisette with Chantilly lace and wore a pale blue hat with blue plume. She carried a shower bouquet of white centaurea tied with pale blue streamers. Miss Mamie Millicamp, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Marion Long, sister of the groom, and Miss Nora Shennstone, were bridesmaids. They wore white marquisette trimmed with pale blue lovers' knots of satin, blue hats with tulle ties and carried bouquets of white chrysanthemums tied with pale blue knots of ribbon. Mr. Ralph Burns acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Ellis Thomson, brother of the bride, Mr. Stanley Livingstone, Mr. Frank Morrison and Mr. Harry Love. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, the latter gowned in a dress of grey chiffon cloth, the bodice trimmed with point lace. Her bouquet was of mauve orchids. Mrs. Wm. E. Long, the groom's mother, wore a handsome black and white silk, with touches of pale blue. The bride's table, set in the library, was decorated with white roses and lily of the valley. The wedding breakfast was served in a large marquee on the lawn. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue Tussock silk with a bodice of blue net over Dresden chiffon. Her hat was of navy corded silk with blue and white wings.

Mrs. W. A. Rust D'Eye (nee Tew) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday afternoon and evening, September 24, at 149 Lee ave.

Mrs. Frank Bungay and Miss Norah Bungay have returned to Centre Island after spending the month of August at Long Island, Maine.

Mrs. Thomas Millman, of Huron street, Miss Millman and Miss Marjorie Millman have returned to the city after spending a few weeks in the Adirondacks. Miss Mabel Millman, who has returned from a summer's outing in Muskoka and Windsor, will leave shortly for Bryn Mawr University, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Davis and Miss Hodgert, of Pembroke street, are visiting friends and relatives in England. They also made a brief trip to Paris to see M. Haslam, the singing master, who deferred his departure to his villa at Le Vesinet in order to welcome his Toronto friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon left on Wednesday afternoon for New York, whence they sailed on Thursday morning for England via S.S. Cedric.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, September 9, at five o'clock, in St. Andrew's church, London, the marriage took place, quietly, of Miss Wynifred Logan, youngest daughter of Mrs. Logan and of the late James Logan, to Mr. Frederic J. Wolfe, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. Ross, the wedding march being played by the organist, Mr. Chas. Wheeler. The bride, who was unattended, was attired in an Empire gown of white lace over taffeta, bridal veil, and carried a shower bouquet of white bridal roses and lily of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe left in the evening for Detroit and the west, and on their return they will reside in Toronto.

Mr. George Bruenech, A.R.C.A., has returned to town after a sketching tour through the Maritime Provinces. He visited Prince Edward Island and several places of interest in Nova Scotia.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Anderson, Mrs. Duncan Anderson and Mrs. Bell are spending a fortnight at Maplehurst, Lake Rosseau.

The Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Richardson of London, Ontario, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Helen, to Mr. H. A. K. Drury, C.E. for the Railway Commission at Winnipeg. The marriage will take place in April.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Fred Gillespie was the hostess at a most delightful tea given at the Lambton Club in honor of Mrs. Milton Muldrew and Mrs. Walter Gilmour, two charming visitors from Winnipeg.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan was the only child of John Ba'rd, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, a man of fine literary tastes and devout religious temperament. On the maternal side Mrs. Bryan comes of English stock. Her mother's father was Colonel Darius Dexter, of Jamestown, New York. Mother of three children and grandmother of two at the age of forty-seven, Mrs. Bryan is still the confident and helper of her husband, though no longer the girlish figure that accompanied her husband everywhere on his whirlwind campaign of 1896.



Fall Millinery Opening

On Wednesday, 23rd, and Thursday, 24th, September next,

we will hold our annual authoritative display of garments for Fall and Winter wear

A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit our grand showing of

Millinery, Mantles, Costumes, Furs And General Dress Goods.



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A dainty bill of fare served at all hours. Bath, including bed, \$1.00. Room 50 cents extra.

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SOCIETY

At two o'clock on Wednesday, in All Saints' church, the marriage took place of Miss Violet Louisa Smith, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Smith, Brunswick avenue, and Mr. Robert W. Reford, Bank of Toronto, son of Mrs. R. C. Reford, Albany avenue. The Rev. Canon Broughall, of St. Stephen's church, and the Rev. H. D. Raymond performed the ceremony in the presence of a small gathering of friends. The bride, who was given away by her mother, wore ivory liberty silk and embroidered chignon, the long tulle veil being held in place with a cluster of orange blossoms. The bride carried a shower of white asters and lily of the valley. Miss Florence Smith attended her sister as maid of honor, wearing a gown of cream figured eolienne, trimmed with filet lace and satin bands, a pink hat with plume and carrying pink asters. The two bridesmaids were Miss Blanche Walter, niece of the bride, and Miss Rosale Stewart, niece of the groom. They were attired in frocks of pink silk mull with empress hats of white felt, trimmed with white rosettes and carried pink asters. Mr. Chris. Hillock was best man. Mr. Norwood Blackmore and Mr. J. W. Wood were the ushers. Immediately after the ceremony the guests assembled at the home of the bride's sister, where a reception was held. After the usual toasts and speeches the bride changed her bridal attire for a travelling suit of russet brown cloth, with hat to match. The bride and groom were the recipients of many handsome presents, among them being several cheques. Mr. and Mrs. Reford drove off in a shower of confetti to catch the 5.20 train for Chicago. On their return they will reside in their new home in Triller avenue. The groom's gift to the bride was a sunburst of pearls, with large amethyst in centre; to the maid of honor and bridesmaids, gold pins set with pearls; to the best man, pearl tie pin; and to the ushers, gold cuff links.

Mrs. Laurence Buchan is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Kaye, in Halifax.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper and her handsome young son, Fritz, have returned to their home in San Francisco, after several weeks with relatives and friends in Ontario.

Much sympathy goes to Mrs. Wm. Nattress in her bereavement, and universal regret is felt at the death of Lieut.-Col. Nattress, whose remains were interred in the Denison family burying ground, on the banks of the Humber, last Wednesday. Dr. Nattress was greatly liked and esteemed by all who knew him, and combined qualities of head and heart richly deserving the regards of his hosts of friends. Mrs. Nattress is the third daughter of Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, of Heydon Villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and their daughter, Mrs. Baird, have returned from England. Owing to the fine weather there prevailing they enjoyed their motor trips to the utmost.

Many Toronto friends of Dr. Doolittle while in England, have been delighted to accept the pleasure of a run through the best motoring country in England, with the genial Doctor as chauffeur. Thoroughly conversant with every inch of the ground, joyously enthusiastic over his motor, and full of information as to the history and tradition of every noted spot, Dr. Doolittle is an ideal host for such happy outings.

The opening day of the O. J. C. meeting is to-day, and with fine weather the social turnout should be good.

Many kind and sympathetic words and thoughts are sent to Mrs. T. D. B. Evans, of Winnipeg, formerly Eleanor MacMillan, only daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of Man-

itoba, who has lost a very devoted husband. Colonel Evans' death was the result of a sunstroke recently suffered.

Dr. and Mrs. Holford Walker, 54 Isabella street, have returned to town, from their summer outing in the Georgian Bay.

The Markham Fair is billed for October 7, 8 and 9, and those who wish to take in the pleasures of a real county Fair should make a note of the dates. Quite a lot of autos went out from the city last year and much enjoyed the affair.

A Bungalow.

BY all the winds of Summer time! I'll seek the nymph again
Who wakes the grass between the stones to move the hearts of men,
Who blows a playful kiss or two of dandelion-down,
And sends a gypsy butterfly to lure a lad from town.
I'm going to build a bungalow,
A bang-bang bungalow,
A creeper-curtained bungalow, where hemlocks idly dream.
I'm going to build a bungalow,
A bang-bang bungalow,
A cedar-shingled bungalow beside a mountain stream.

The beams shall be of maple wood,
The floors of healthful pine;
The spruce, with rough and resined bark, shall wall this house of mine;
While round about, of ample breadth, a rustic porch shall run
Below a birchen canopy against the checkered sun.
I'm going to build a bungalow,
A bang-bang bungalow,
A forest-fragrant bungalow with room for three or four.
I'm going to build a bungalow,
A bang-bang bungalow,
A zephyr-haunted bungalow beside a rippled shore.

With every quick-eyed featherling that loves the friendly wood,
With all the gentle furry folk I'll dwell in brotherhood.
My castle roof shall bear the proof of crystal-arrowed rain,
And Peace shall be my seneschal and Love my chatelaine.
I'm going to build a bungalow,
A bang-bang bungalow,
An open-hearted bungalow devoid of bolts or bars.
I'm going to build a bungalow,
A bang-bang bungalow,
A tranquil little bungalow to rest beneath the stars.

—New York Times.

NO doubt there was a little gentle amusement in The Star office last Saturday when Bobbie Baker, the advertising manager of that journal, landed home in the evening with The Globe's special trophy for doubles in lawn bowling, safely tucked under his arm.

The chauffeur was taking his load of tourists for a ride through the residence portion of the metropolis and pointing out to them the state mansions of the nabobs. "I've often heard," said the portly dowager with the diamonds, "of these Oliver Wendel homes. Would you mind showing us one of 'em?"—Argonaut.

"Yes, suh," said Brother Dickey, "my race what wants to live in Illinois kin go dar, how an' w'en dey likes, but ez fur me, I'll stay whar I is—'mongst de folks I raise an' bo'n wid, an' ef I is lynched, please God, I'll be lynched by my fr'en's!"—Atlanta Constitution.

She—This dress doesn't become my complexion. I must change it.
He—More expensive? I can't stand it; you'll ruin me. She—You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion.—Chicago Journal.

She: Frankly, now, if you had to choose between me and a million, what would you do? He: I'd take the million. Then you would be easy.—Life.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

THE last dance of the season was held in the Queen's Royal Casino on Saturday evening. Although not so crowded as the previous ones it was most enjoyable. A few of those present were: Hon. J. J. Foy, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Lancing, Miss Sarah Lancing, Miss F. Heward, Miss Geddes, the Misses Eckersley, Miss Servos, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Dorothy Rosemuller, Miss Flora Garrett, Miss Ford, Mr. Cole, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. Pierson, Mr. Frank Foy, Mr. Willie Syer, Mr. Lock, Mr. Ed. Foy, Mr. Hardman, Mr. Arthur Russell, Mr. King and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Greiner have closed their pretty summer home and have returned to Buffalo.

Miss Violet Edwards has returned from Buffalo.

Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Montreal, have arrived in town to spend a week or two.

The ladies of the St. Catharines Golf and Country Club came down last Wednesday and played a friendly game with the ladies of the Niagara Golf Club. A dainty luncheon was served at the club-house.

Miss Eva Lessard, who has been visiting Miss Norah Warren, has returned to Ottawa.

Saturday afternoon Miss Page Baker was the hostess of a charming little tea at her pretty summer residence, Rosslyn.

Mrs. Arthurs, Miss Maud Wier and Mrs. Charles Godfrey, who have been spending several weeks in town, have returned to Toronto.

Miss Moss Chrysler is spending a few days in Toronto with friends.

MARCELL.

Kipling's Limitations.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Kipling's poems range in subject over both hemispheres and the seven seas, not to speak of Azrael's outposts, his poetry actually touches a surprisingly small segment of life, asserts a reviewer in the London Times. While acknowledging that there is a virtuosity about the poems which "makes it difficult to examine them coolly," this critic maintains that "every-day affairs, common problems, universal passions, hardly find a place in them at all." Even their patriotism, we are told, is remote from the usual form of that emotion, since Mr. Kipling's enthusiasm is aroused only by the Englishmen who are doing the Empire's work outside of England. To quote more fully on this point:

"It may be objected that patriotism is a universal passion; and so, no doubt, it is; and certainly the greatness and magnificence of the English figure in these poems to some purpose. But Mr. Kipling's vein of sentiment on this subject is very far from being patriotic. He only cares for Englishmen when they are in the colonies or in India or on one of the blood-stained fringes of the Empire. The Englishman in England, unless, indeed, he is merely at home on leave, he sometimes seems positively to hate—

The poor little street-bred people that vapor and fume and brag—

"This is the tone in which we are habitually referred to, if we live in our native island. This may be imperialism, though we doubt it, but it is hardly patriotism. We do not say that imperialism, even in this form, may not be the better of the two—that is another point altogether, and scarcely a literary one. We only say that it has a very much more remote bearing upon life as most people live it. It is a healthier sentiment, perhaps, than that form of patriotism which begins and ends in abusing foreigners; so far from that, there is hardly a word in Mr. Kipling's poetry to show that he is aware of their existence. But this shadowy sense of the glory of being English only when you have left Southampton is a totally unreal thing to most people, and in such a form probably appeals chiefly to sedentary stay-at-homes. It is on this cloud-like basis that a large part of Mr. Kipling's poetry has, as we know, been reared; and that part includes nearly all that he has written in a purely personal vein."

This leads to the admission that "Mr. Kipling's gift is essentially dramatic," as well as to the complaint that "when he writes in propria persona he is constantly harassed by two somewhat diverse enemies—

the daily papers and the prophets of the Old Testament." Thus we read: "His poetry is betrayed on one side toward the cheapest of journalistic ornament, and on the other toward vague and sonorous archaisms. But when he writes as a private soldier or a Scottish engineer he is incapable of false notes. His sense of character is far too acute to be misled by his taste. In poems like 'McAndrew's Hymn' or 'The Mary Gloster' there is not a word which is not perfectly just and inevitable. But in these and in the Barrack-room Ballads it is still to be noted that the field covered is a small one.

The people are ordinary people, no doubt, but the circumstances are very special. The soldiers in the ballads hint that they are human, but we see them in their pleasures or difficulties only as soldiers, not as human beings. They fight and drink and make love like other people, it is true, but always in the foreground is the fact that they are a class apart, doing disagreeable and dangerous work for a not particularly grateful country. This is, of course, no disparagement of these admirable verses, which merely keep to their natural limits; but it is an illustration of the way in which Mr. Kipling's poetry persistently stays outside any vein of emotion that is common property."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

GUNDY—At 50 Chestnut Park Road, Toronto, Sept. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gundy, a son.

POTTS—At 68 Glen Road, Toronto, Sept. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Potts, a son.

FIELD—At Lake View Cottage, Cobourg, Sept. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Field, a son.

THORBURN—At 329 Bloor W., Toronto, Sept. 13, to Dr. J. D. and Mrs. Thorburn, a daughter.

SPARLING—At St. Alban's Rectory, Grand Valley, Ont., Sept. 14, to Rev. Charles A. and Mrs. Sparling, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WALKER—NORTHCOOT—On Sept. 15, 1908, at 207 Cottingham street, Toronto, by the Rev. Robt. Sims, Edith Jessie, daughter of Joseph R. Northcott, to William Oscar Walker, M.A., Kingston, son of the late Thomas M. Walker, Ingersoll.

MARTIN—HODGSON—At Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 16, 1908, by Rev. Chas. Pearson, Isabel, daughter of Wm. Hodgson, 94 Ann St., Toronto, to Samuel R. Martin, Toronto.

WOLFE—LOGAN—At St. Andrew's Church, London, Ont., by Rev. James Ross, on Sept. 9, Nina Wynifred Marjory, daughter of Mrs. Marjory Logan and the late James Logan, of London, to Frederic John Wolfe, of Toronto.

REFORD—SMITH—At All Saints Church, Toronto, Sept. 16, by Rev. Canon Broughall and Rev. H. D. Raymond, Violet Louise, daughter of the late J. B. Smith, Esq., Whitehaven, Eng., and of Mrs. Smith, Brunswick ave., to Robert W. Reford, Bank of Toronto, son of the late William Reford, Esq., and of Mrs. Reford, of Albany ave.

ACHESON—ARMOUR—At Vancouver, Sept. 9, Mary Alicia Armour, of Clinton W. Acheson, M.D., both of Toronto.

HUNTSMAN—STIRLING—In Toronto, Sept. 11, Florence Marie, daughter of Mr. Duncan Stirling, to Dr. Archibald Gowanlock Huntsman, of Toronto University.

HOPKIRK—STEGMANN—At Holy Trinity Church, Chatham, Ont., Sept. 12, Rive, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Stegmann, of Chatham, to Harry Kines Hopkirk, of Moncton, N.B., son of the late James Hopkirk, Esq., of Ottawa.

GAMBLE—LINFOT—At the Methodist Church, Richmond Hill, Sept. 15, Hattie Linfoot, of Richmond Hill, to Harry D. Gamble, of Jefferson, Ont.

LONG—THOMSON—At Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Sept. 12, Mary Ethel, daughter of D. E. Thomson, K.C., to Edwin George Long, son of W. E. Long, Toronto.

GOOD HUNTING

The finest hunting grounds in Canada—for big game and small game, are reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Amongst the best must be reckoned the country adjacent to the recently opened Toronto-Sudbury line—alive with moose, deer, bear and every variety of game. This will be the first Fall this country has been accessible by rail. Go up while the hunting is at its best.



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District Passenger Agent
TORONTO

DEATHS.

NATTRESS—In Toronto, Sept. 14, Lieut.-Col. William Nattress, M.D., Principal Medical Officer, Western Ontario, in his 56th year.

SCORE—At 155 Spadina road, Toronto, Sept. 15, Mary Agnes, wife of Frank M. Score, and eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Smith.

FROST—At New Liskeard, Ont., Sept. 13, John Williams Frost, barrister-at-law, Owen Sound.

IRRLAND—At "Caenlochan," Dundee, Scotland, Sept. 2, Jessie Hoskins, wife of W. D. Ireland, Esq., and daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Hoskins, of Toronto.



Ladies' Pyjamas

THESE garments are probably destined to become as popular for ladies as they have long been with men. Certain it is that once worn, their superiority is sufficiently evident to ensure their continued use.

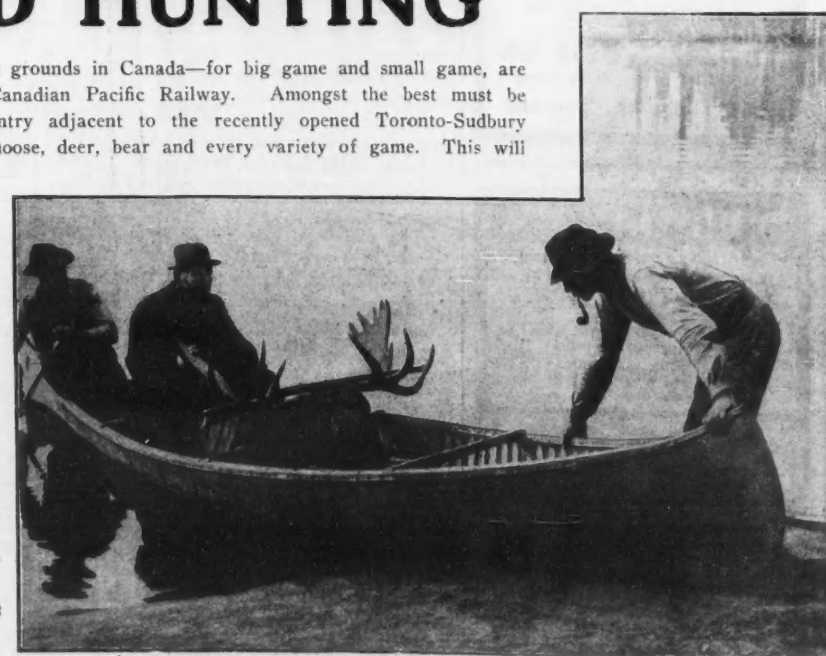
On the score of comfort, pyjamas are considered by many to be superior to any other sleeping apparel; and when one can obtain these garments in such attractive styles and so wide a variety of materials as are afforded by the line we are showing, there is no longer reason to hesitate over their use.

The above illustration (from an actual photograph) shows the neat effect of these pyjamas. You must, however, see the goods themselves to be able to appreciate their real worth.

Shown in Silks, Silk mixtures and Flannellettes in various becoming colors, these pyjamas constitute the finest range of such goods ever offered in this section.

If you are still in doubt as to the advisability of wearing pyjamas, our salesladies in the Underwear Department will be pleased to explain, at further length, their many advantages.

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Society at the Capital

BEYOND a very few small and informal drawing-room teas and one or two luncheons at the Golf Club, nothing in the social round has transpired during the past ten days or so. For this the continued warm weather has been partially to blame, and also the fact that those who have already returned to town are busily engaged putting their various households in order for the coming winter. Each day as it arrives adds to the number of those returning from the country, seaside and foreign travel and quite a few visitors are also in town.

SIR WILFRID and Lady Laurier are once more settled in their town residence for the season and have now with them Mrs. Fulford, of Brockville, and her daughter, Mrs. MacLean, and Mr. MacLean, whose marriage it will be remembered took place at Quebec during the Quebec Tercentenary. Mrs. Skeffington Smith, of London, England, who, during Lord Minto's regime, made many friends in the Capital when on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Maude, at Rideau Cottage, is now spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, at Earncliffe. Later in the autumn Mrs. Harris will have Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lyttleton and Miss Lyttleton, of London, England, as her guests for a short time.

MISS ARA DRURY, of Halifax, spent a few days in town with Miss Helen Coutlee, en route recently from Winnipeg to her home in Nova Scotia. Another bright young visitor in the Capital is Miss Betts, of Albany, N. Y., who is staying with Mrs. Charles Reade.

LADY LA TOUCHE, of India, is still the guest of her niece, Mrs. Somerset Graves, in Belmont avenue, and on Wednesday her hostess entertained at a charming little tea in her honor, when Mrs. McWatt, of Winnipeg, and her daughter, Miss Hudson, who are also guests of Mrs. Graves, assisted, and Mrs. P. E. Pridau did the honors at the tea-table, which was most artistically arranged with white and red asters. About twenty-five guests were present.

Other summer visitors of Mrs. Graves have been Mrs. Charles Lee Caswell, of Chicago, with her daughter and son, and they expect to leave the Capital during the present week. Mrs. P. E. Bucke also gave a small tea in honor of Lady La Touche in the earlier part of the week.

MRS. ALEX. CHRISTIE on Tuesday afternoon invited several of Miss Ethel Bate's friends to bid her farewell prior to her marriage on Tuesday next, and consequent departure for the Northwest, where her future home will be. Mr. George R. F. Kirkpatrick, manager of the Imperial Bank at Edmonton, Alta., the prospective bridegroom, has arrived in town and is the guest of his brother, Mr. W. R. Kirkpatrick, of the Royal Bank. At this interesting wedding on Tuesday, the 15th, Miss Bate was attended by her younger sister, Miss Elinor Bate, and Miss Sarah Sparks.

THE marriage of another of Ottawa's prominent society girls will take place quietly in October, and is that of Miss Isobel White, fourth daughter of Lt.-Col. Fred White, Comptroller of the Northwest Mounted Police, and Mrs. White, to Mr. Harry Peck, son of Mrs. James Peck, of Montreal. It is a source of much regret among the young people of the Capital that in this instance, also, they will temporarily lose one of their brightest and most popular comrades, as the young people will make their home at present in Nevada. Col. White and family have recently returned from their summer home at Riviere du Loup.

OTHERS who have returned to town within the past few days are: Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and family, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Slater, Rev. J. M. Snowden and Mrs. Snowden and children, and Mrs. Dale Harris and family, all of whom summered at that charming spot, Blue Sea Lake; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Codville with their son and daughter, who enjoyed the hot months at St. Patrick's; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Woods and family, who, as usual, also spent two months at St. Patrick's; Mrs. Norman Guthrie, who, with her two young children, has been for some weeks in Guelph, and whose sister, Miss Leslie Smith, of St. John, N.B., came back with her. The Bishop of Ottawa, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton arrived on Friday from Eneland, having come across in the Empress of

Ireland, on which vessel Rev. Canon Kittson, rector of Christ Church Cathedral, was also a passenger. Miss Mildred Kittson, who for several months has been in Calgary, Alta., with her brother, Mr. Arthur Kittson, has also returned to the rectory.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD GREY gave the children of the various orphanages of the Capital a memorable and much-appreciated treat on Friday, inviting them to spend the afternoon at Government House, where outdoor games and sports and a bountiful high tea were thoroughly enjoyed by over three hundred merry youngsters. His Excellency was present throughout the afternoon and was much interested in the results of the various contests, for which he awarded greatly coveted prizes. In the absence of Her Excellency, Lady Grey, who is still in England, Lady Hanbury-Williams charmingly acted as hostess, and was assisted by Mrs. Arthur Sladen and a coterie of young people, among whom were the Misses MacLeod Clark, Miss Gladys Hanbury-Williams, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Norah Lewis and the Misses Kingsford.

AMONG the enjoyable little gatherings of the week of which the Golf Club was the rendezvous, was a luncheon on Friday, at which His Excellency Lord Grey, entertained a few friends informally; a dinner on the evening of the same day, at which Mr. and Mrs. George Bryson were the host and hostess; a bright little luncheon, also on Friday, to which Mrs. Hammett Hill invited a few ladies, and luncheons given by Mr. E. C. Grant and Mr. J. A. Jackson.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, Sept. 14, 1908.

Maxims of Namreh Eht Esiv.
(IVth Dynasty.)

THE rooster that crows in the Morning shrinks down on his Perch at the Night.
Boast not of thy courage, my Brother, for someone may turn out the Light.

My Son, at your ease you may Borrow, and once in a while you may Lend,
But when you are asked for the Payment, Pay—if you value a Friend.

He who is fording the River laughs not at the roar of the Fall.
The Wise yield in peace to a Woman, and Fools try their strength with the Squall.

Laugh, if you want to be Welcomed.
Weep, if you want to be grieved.
Enter my dwelling, Old Fellow, but please leave your Troubles outside.

Lend to your Friend of your Shells; go out and get him a Vote.
But, if you value Contentment, sign not your name to a Note.

The Rain has come down on a Sudden, and dragged the overbold Hen.
If you would gain Merit, my Sister, avoid ye the gaze of the Men.

The Jackass may dress as a Lion, but look how it runs at a Roar!
Because He rides by in an Auto is cause to suspect Him the more.

Who puts on the Dress you admire, and seeks your advice in a Plan?

Take heed to thy freedom, Oh, Brother, for She is in love with a Man.

Accept of his friendship when offered, but let thy Acceptance be cool.

The strength of the Wise is in Silence, and speech is the Death of a Fool.

Two things may no Man be forgiven if that at his Door they be laid:

Forgetting a Date with a Woman, and leaving a Card Debt unpaid.

What, then, if She greet you with Laughter, and straightway begin to be Sad?

Remember that she is a Woman, and therefore a little bit Mad.

—Saturday Evening Post.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN!

Like morning roses bathed in dew is the complexion of a woman who has made herself lovely by regularly anointing her face with the purest and best of all skin foods, "Campana's Italian Balm."

The Bride—Just think of it, dearest! Fifty years from yesterday will be our golden anniversary.—Evening Sun.

The Escape

A Club Man Has One of Those Little Adventures that One Occasionally Has With His Wife.

WHITTIER had had a particularly hard day at the office. But, buoyed up by the thought of his comfortable home, he walked along briskly—even for him—like a horse who knows he is nearing the stable.

Suddenly, in front of his house, he stopped short.

A glare of light, unusual and suspicious in its intensity, greeted his gaze.

Whittier strode up on the piazza.

He heard the sound of voices.

His worst fears were confirmed.

Yes, there by the table was his wife's Aunt Jane. And on the other side was her Cousin Sarah.

He knew what it meant at once.

His wife's relatives had suddenly come down on them—a periodical visit.

To Whittier, tired, dragged out with the day's work, this was the worst thing that could happen.

He admired and respected Cousin Sarah and Aunt Jane at a distance.

Their lives, in the remote place where they lived, were lonely. And when they did swoop down on Whittier and his wife they came to talk.

They came to do things. At home they had gathered strength much beyond what would have been their regular capacity had they been in the city all the year. And, oh, how they could talk!

The worst of it was, Whittier knew by experience, once within their zone, that all was hopeless.

If he came in and said he was tired, Aunt Jane would have a hundred remedies to try at once. And Cousin Sarah would talk for an hour on how badly he looked, and urge him to visit them.

If he said he never felt better, that meant a theatre party and other horrible festivities.

Besides, if he failed to be enthusiastic, both to Aunt Jane and Cousin Sarah, then his wife wouldn't like it.

She had accused him before of always taking occasion, when any of her family visited her, to show peculiarities that he never thought of displaying at any other time.

It took him but a moment to decide. He would go to his club and spend a quiet evening there—telegraphing home.

He slid off the piazza and started down the street, catching a car at the next corner. A little later he sent the following message:

"Detained at office on sudden business of importance. Late coming home. Don't worry. JIM."

Then Whittier dropped into his club and ordered a good dinner. After all, he thought to himself, he was glad that Aunt Jane and Cousin Sarah had come. For this was a great treat—one that he indulged in but seldom.

Then, suddenly, a feeling of repentance came over him.

This was the first time that he had actually, in such a barefaced manner, deceived his wife. There were numberless little ways, of course, that didn't count. But this was downright lying! Besides, when he came to think of it, wouldn't she suspect something? She was nobody's fool—as he had reason to know. There was a telephone right in the house. How was he to explain the fact that he hadn't used that instead of the slower telegraph?

Of course, Whittier himself knew very well. He had done it because, in reality, he was too much of a coward. He hadn't the courage—or the experience and skill—to ring his wife up on the telephone and tell her a barefaced lie. She would tell him who was with her, making it all the more difficult. And so he had used the cowardly method.

Ah! A distressing thought suddenly came to him. The moment his wife received his message she might suspect something unusual, and, of course, would immediately call up his office. It would be closed. She wouldn't get any answer.

SO!

While he was debating about this a page came up.

"Telephone for you, sir."

Whittier turned white and red at the same time. His heart rose like copper in a bull market.

He must answer the dread summons. Telepathically, he felt that it was from his wife.

He put the receiver to his burning ear.

"Hello!" he said, faintly.

"Hello!" came back. He recognized the voice. An icy current of fear frapped his spine.

"Is this you?" (Her voice.)

"Yes!" (More faintly.)

Then he braced himself. He might as well put on a bold front.

"How did you know where I was?"

He asked, briskly.

"Quite easily. I heard your step

on the piazza. Then, as you didn't enter the house, I peeked out of the window and I saw you making off down the street while Aunt Jane and Cousin Sarah were still talking—of course, you know they are here. Later I received your message, called up your office, could get no answer, and put two and two together. I made up my mind you must be at the club, and so I got them out of the room just now and thought I would see if I was right."

"Are you—mad?"

"No; I don't blame you a bit. I'd very much rather have you enjoying yourself there than trying to be too natural here—only—"

"Only what, dear?"

Whittier could feel his wife's voice getting stern.

"You be home by midnight, and don't you ever think you can deceive me again."

"Yes, dear! Good-by!"

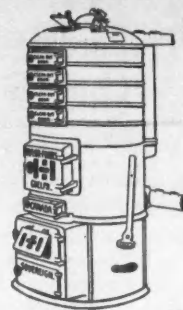
"Good-by!"

Whittier went back to the dining-room, where his soup was getting cold, and hastily called the waiter.

"Waiter!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Just countermand that order I gave you for a quart of champagne, and bring me instead a small stein of beer."—T. L. M., in Life.



THE
"SOVEREIGN"

Hot Water Heating with Reduced Coal Bills

The popular basis for calculating how much coal it takes to keep a house of a given size warm during the winter, is still based on the quantity that would be required to feed several individual stoves.

The warm air furnace, which is merely a stove enclosed in a tin case, from which the direct heat is conducted through large draught pipes, burns as much coal as one, or several stoves, according to the size of its firepot.

It is because the accepted average for coal consumption is based on what "direct heat" apparatus use that householders are EVERYWHERE BURNING TOO MUCH COAL.

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Sauce

for all meats,
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on the piazza. Then, as you didn't enter the house, I peeked out of the window and I saw you making off down the street while Aunt Jane and Cousin Sarah were still talking—of course, you know they are here. Later I received your message, called up your office, could get no answer, and put two and two together. I made up my mind you must be at the club, and so I got them out of the room just now and thought I would see if I was right."

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Smoking a Pipe.

THE art of pipe-smoking appears to be yet in its infancy. A few years ago pipes had advanced only so far as to have a hole through them and a bowl at one end to hold tobacco. This (says Life, in discussing the subject) might be called the nicotine or prehistoric period.

Now, pipes are arranged with subterranean canals running through them, in a sort of crystalline maze, so

LABATT'S ALE

Is made
from tested, natural
spring water, selected barley
malt, and a blend of the
choicest growth of hops. No sub-
stitutes for hops or barley
are used. An aid to diges-
tion and a cause of
comfort after
meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

that the nicotine will get discouraged on the way and fall, so to speak, by the wayside.

Pipes are also arranged with blotting paper capsules that will absorb the nicotine, which, as everyone knows, is a deadly poison, and if dropped on a fly will kill him instantly.

This suggests an inquiry as to why nicotine is not more generally used to kill flies.

It would seem as if it ought to serve some useful purpose.

Then again there are pipes made out of gourds that do not require the services of a plumber at all hours of the day and night, but, beyond a monthly house-cleaning, are always ready.

What we really need is a pipe on wheels, with an engineer in charge to regulate the pressure, and a fireman to keep it going.

For that is the hopeless thing about pipes. If the tobacco is as dry as punk, it is pretty likely to taste like it, and after it is lighted it lasts about two and one-half puffs. If it is

slightly damp, as it ought to be, you begin by piling on matches and setting them like a bonfire on top. It's a fine thing to see that pipe light up. But the moment you take your mind off it it is out again.

Pipe-smoking is splendid. Aside from burning your tongue, parching your throat, always going out and filling you up with the raw essence of nicotine, it is one of the greatest comforts in the world.

As a companion, it can't be beaten. It never bores you. It is always doing something unexpected.

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the public-houses were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?" And the answer came: "Lots of people would get drowned."—Tit-Bits.

"Now, Pat, would you sooner lose your money or your life?" "Why, me loife, yer reverence; I want me money for me old age."—Philadelpha Inquirer.



The statement that Semi-ready Clothes are "not better than custom tailoring" is difficult to meet in words and type. You can judge only by careful and critical comparison. Look at the style of cut and design. Look critically at the fit. Notice the artistic fit effect, matching trimmings with fabrics. You can see for yourself by a side-by-side comparison.

Frock Coat and Vest, silk-faced, \$25.
Dress Suits, silk-faced, \$26; silk-lined, \$30.
Morning Coat and Vest, Cheviots, \$20.

Semi-Ready Tailoring

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81 Yonge Street, Toronto



LAST WEEK OF THE SALE

Oriental Rug Bargains

We have been cutting prices for two weeks. Hundreds have saved money by purchasing, and we have nearly done with our special sale to raise funds. The new importations from the Orient are already arriving, and while this sale continues—all next week—the new Rugs will be subjected to the same reductions as the old stock.

Remember—Next Week Only.

35 to 50 Per Cent. Reduction
Some Rugs Less Than Half-Price

We will send Rugs on approval.
Our Oriental Brassware is also subject to same discounts.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

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HOW LONG WILL A PIANO LAST?

GREAT DURABILITY OF THE GERHARD HEINTZMAN.

How long will a piano last? is the question often asked by purchasers of a piano. The only answer is that it will depend not only upon the piano itself but on the treatment it receives at the hand of the purchaser. It is only fair to say, however, that the statistics from the thousands of Gerhard Heintzman pianos that are now in use in this country show that there have been very few instruments showing any deterioration as time went on. Even the oldest piano extant bearing the label of this firm, still retains its purity of tone and accuracy of scale. Durability is one of the factors in the success of the Gerhard Heintzman piano and one that will recommend it to careful buyers. The tone of the instruments has given them an exceptional standing among professional players and the beauty of their cases makes one a charming addition to the most beautiful home. Some of the newest designs can be seen at the company's salesrooms, 97 Yonge street, Toronto.

At its beginning, golf in Ireland won the enthusiastic patronage of the Church. There died about a couple of years ago (says London M.A.P.) the Right Reverend Monsignor Molloy, a profound theologian, a keen educationist, and a learned scientist. The reverend doctor has been described as the patron saint of duffers, and an annual event in one or two of the Dublin clubs used to be the "Duffer's Cup," which he presented. He was not a crack player, but he was a great golfer, in so far as he appreciated the niceties of the game. He probably realized that there are sev-

eral roads to Paradise, and that one of them leads through a golf clubhouse. As a sport-spreader he has had few equals, and among the North of Ireland golfers, who are to-day acquitting themselves very well, must be numbered many of his acolytes. Dr. Molloy made a scientific study of the game of golf, and he came to the conclusion that the perfect drive might be analyzed into forty-two elements. These he tabulated for the benefit of his friends and the edification of his pupils. One who knew the good doctor well tells me that if his opponent happened to fizzle his drive, Dr. Molloy would quietly remark: "Ah, my friend, that would have been a good drive, but you just happened to forget the thirty-fifth essential at the critical moment."

CHICAGO AND RETURN \$12.40, via the only double track line, Detroit \$6.60, Bay City \$7.50, Cleveland (via Buffalo) \$6.35, Cleveland (via Detroit) \$9.10, Saginaw \$7.40, Grand Rapids \$9.35, St. Paul and Minneapolis (all rail) \$28.40, Rail and Boat \$31.90. Good going Sept. 17, 18, 19. Return limit Oct. 5, 1908. Secure tickets at Grand Trunk City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

"Young man," said a rich and pompous old gentleman, "I was not always thus. I did not always ride in a motor car of my own. When I first started in life I had to walk."

"You were lucky," rejoined the young man. "When I first started I had to crawl. It took me a long time to learn to walk."—Democratic Telegram.

"Does he describe his heroine as attractive to men?" "No! Educated."—The Times.

What Toronto Can Do

Public Playgrounds and Swimming Baths as Recommended by the Park Commissioner.

THOSE who have visited the supervised playgrounds kept open in certain of the school yards of Toronto this summer, under direction of the Board of Education, must have been convinced that the work is one of the utmost importance. Instead of playing in the streets and lanes, three or four hundred children all day long were found intensely interested in these playgrounds, to their own physical and moral good and to the great advantage, often, of hard-working mothers. It is proposed to greatly increase these facilities in Toronto, along lines being followed in many other cities on the continent.

Controllor Hocken has returned from a convention in New York, where representatives of 177 cities where this work is going on, were gathered to discuss purposes and the results already being accomplished. Mr. Hocken is fully convinced that Toronto must do her duty in this matter and receive great benefit from it.

Park Commissioner Wilson, of Toronto, after making a tour of several leading cities in the United States, has presented a report to the Board of Control, making recommendations as to what he believes Toronto could and should do, as follows:

(1) That two fully equipped and supervised playgrounds and gymnasias be established as soon as possible at congested points, say one at Stanley Park or some point in the western section of the city, and the other at the Royal Alexandra school, or some point in the eastern section of the city; these to be followed next season by others to be located in different sections, where sites may be either donated or acquired.

(2) That the system of vacation playgrounds for small children established this season in connection with several of the public schools, and operated under the Department of Education, be extended next year so as to embrace all sections of the city, and that the scope of the work be enlarged, the supervisors qualified to render first aid, and the grounds kept open during the season; children of school age being barred during school hours only.

(3) That the free bathing facilities now provided by the city be extended, neatly designed stations to be provided at distances not over a mile apart along the whole reach of the lake shore front; also that a temporary overflow dam be built across the Don above the outlet of the Rosedale Ravine sewer, and a good swimming pool made at that point, and, in addition, that a reasonably large artificial bathing pond be provided in the Christie Sand Pits. All these to be under supervision of competent instructors, and to be open from 1st May to 30th September in each year.

(4) That one or two free hot and cold shower baths be established at central points, to be open the year round. It may be convenient to locate these near some of the present fire stations, certain days in each week to be reserved for men and women.

(5) That the Playgrounds Association formed in the city be requested to secure the co-operation of corporate bodies and of public-spirited citizens in furtherance of this beneficent work by providing free sites, equipment, etc., etc.

Alcohol is used in Turkish baths, museums and palm rooms. It also furnishes a scientific base for temperance and curtain lectures. It enters, in some form or other, into most of our industries and through it we manufacture breadstuffs, dyes and snakes. Although it is not responsible for perpetual motion, it is the only fluid agent known to make the earth go round. It has also made two moons appear in the heavens, where only one moon was seen before.

Alcohol is manufactured in every state in the union, including the states of matrimony and unrest. It is responsible for the crooked course of the grapevine. It sals the unbridled ocean, and sits on every street corner. It is the most consummate actor known, and in the extent of its marvelous make-ups has never been equalled by any old sleuth. It takes on every form and line, and as an interior decorator is unequalled. It is fastidious, however, about colors, eradicating the blues and replacing them with reds and purples.

Alcohol is successful in every one of its undertakings. But in spite of all the bad things that have been said about it, it has one great quality. It never forsakes an old friend.—Life.

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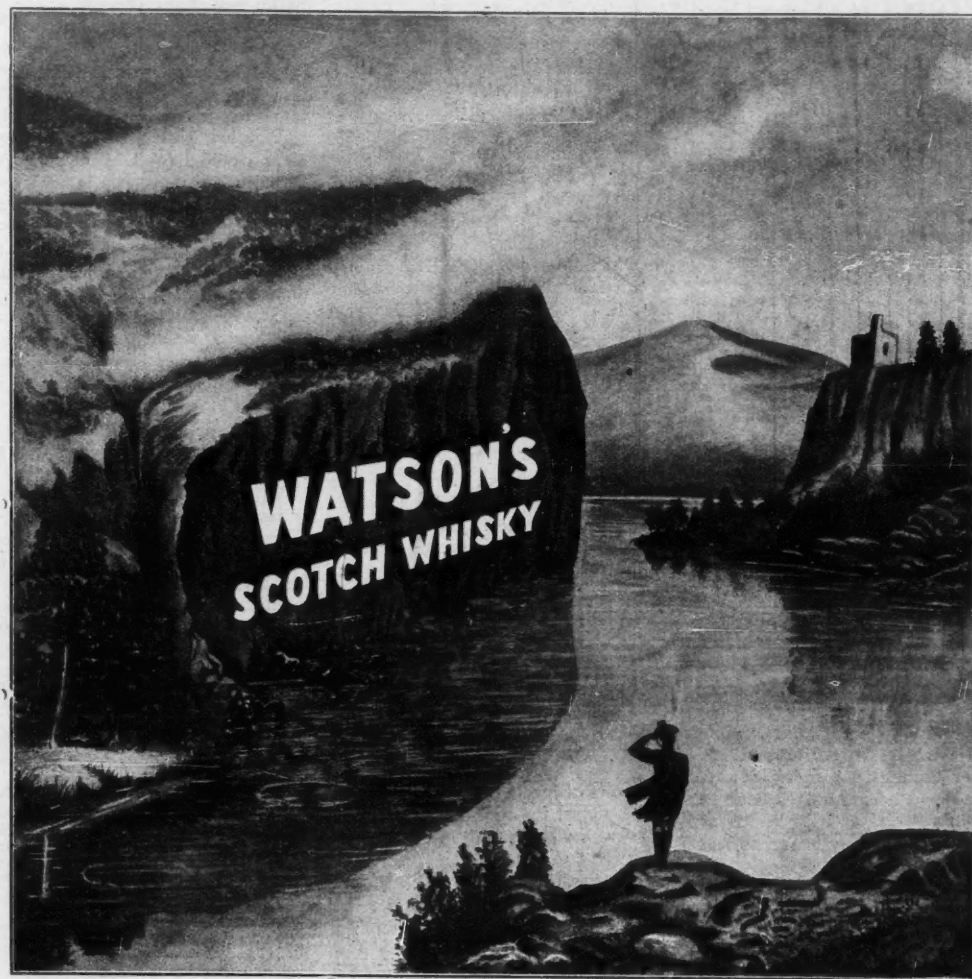
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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

AFTER being conducted through an old church by the verger, a visitor was so pleased with the official's courtesy and information that he insisted on giving him half a crown.

The man shook his head sadly. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's quite against the rules."

"I'm sorry for that," said the visitor, about to return the half-crown to his pocket.

"But," added the verger, "if I were to find a coin lying on the floor it would not be against the rules for me to pick it up!"

A rough old miner interrupted him with: "Say, brother, I'd like to ask a question."

The young Revivalist beamed. "Thank you, my man, for your interest," he replied. "I shall be more than glad to set you right on any question. Your desire for enlightenment is a good sign, which I am very glad to see. Now, what is it you want to know?"

"Can I smoke?" asked the miner.

Monday morning, the 14th inst., marked the closing of the Royal Muskoka Hotel and the completion of a successful season; in fact, the best season ever enjoyed by the hotel. The Royal Muskoka has become the centre of social life on the Muskoka lakes and many there are that spend

their summers in that beautiful region have enjoyed its abundant hospitality.

Its efficient and quick service, combined with the natural charm of its surroundings, has endeared it, this summer, in the hearts of many.

Old Golf Professional—Na, ye'll no mak' a gowffer—ye've begun over late and ye're ower muckle pottle; but it's juist possible if ye pr-ractise har-rd, verra har-rd, for twa-three years ye might —

Jones (expectantly)—Yes? Professional—Ye might began to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the r-rudiments o' the game.—The Sketch.

Love, notes The Smart Set, is idol talk.